

the Monster Times

Hold on to your heads, fans. Buddy Weiss is about to take you through Hemisphere Pictures' House of Horror and on into the darkest heart of Blood Island, where you will find yourself face-to-face with the MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND and his cohort the BEAST OF BLOOD! And these are only two of a slew of Hemisphere's Blood Series



thrillers. Shouty will be getting around to the BRAIN OF BLOOD and BRIDES OF BLOOD in the next two installments of this thoroughly thrilling three-parter. The flicks, incidentally, were produced and directed by Eddie Romero and shot in the Philippines, where the action might almost have actually happened. So, without further delay, let us venture forth to discover the EVILS OF BLOOD ISLAND... we don't want to miss a single drop!



Hemisphere's BEAST OF BLOOD is determined to get a head in the world... even if it ain't his own! the BEAST'S scintillating story unfolds on page 22... enjoy!

The World's First Newspaper of Horror, Sci-Fi and Fantasy



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This issue of TMT is a mixed bag of gruesome goodies, as far as your jaw and you're liable to come up with just about anything in the way of horror-fantasy lore. To be a bit more specific, we've got our literary time-traveler Allen Asherman on hand to journey into the distant past of THE PLANET OF THE APES in our fan-book this ish. Next time Allen will be back for more—with a behind-the-scenes look at the filming of APES, including a special stop-off at the 30th Century Fox make-up department, where the common sign on the door reads—Caution: Mad Artists At Work...

In another, bloodier vein, we're starting a new 3-part feature by Roddy Woom about Homophonic Pictures' Blood series, the greatest group of films to date. Homophonic, an American film company that bills itself as the "House of Horror," is giving Hammer a run for its bloody money with such terrifically titled as MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND and BEAST OF BLOOD. A more recent film effort of a few years back, THE NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS, is given less-than-reverent treatment by Staff Photographer Joe Kane in another of his seemingly endless exercises in negative acoustics.

Artist Dan Green and writer Bill Fenn (of MT Teletype fame) teamed up on the comic strip the first and the result is TALES OF WITCH-MILLOW HOUSE, a startling story guaranteed to make those types unable and to make the war-best of even the most horror-hardened fan stand on end. Plus... one of the most unusual features ever published in this world or in any other we've ever heard of. And exclusive TMT interview goes other than... COUNT ORACULAI! At great expense and genuine risk to life and limb (although not necessarily in that order), intrepid MT reporter Roger Singleton sought out the redoubtable reclusé who, as it turned out, was only too glad to finally have an opportunity to sit the record straight. We think you'll be more than a little surprised by what the "Unfused One" has to say in this candid conversation...

For comic freaks we have a generously illustrated piece on the uncouth conqueror, Conan, as interpreted by those marvelous Marvel artists... plus a multi-angled view of the first X-rated animated feature, Fritz the Cat, which included in its cast of voices one even Phil Seuling who provides some inside information on the filming of the adventures of the funky feline. Plus all the regular TMT features designed to bring out the devil in all of us. So read on, but remember—don't say we didn't warn you...

3 PLANET OF THE APES: Allen Asherman, literary time traveler, takes you into the future to meet the dangerous denizens of the PLANET OF THE APES.

6 CONAN CONQUERS ALL: "CROM" AND PUNISHMENT... Robert E. Howard's Conan the Barbarian in all his savage glory...

9 NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS: No, it isn't a football game, but it is a free-for-all as a Naval base is plagued by 6 Foot Walking Trees...

10 FRITZ, THE FUNKY FELINE: A multi-angled look at R. Crumb's creation as he makes his colorful debut...

13 BUT IS IT ART? Meet Jerry Robinson, former Batman scribe, whose April exhibit at New York's Graham Gallery brought the people's art form uptown.

14 ORACULA SPEAKS: An exclusive TMT interview with the Count himself. Hear the corpulent Count reflect on just about every subject under the full moon...

19 MONSTER MAIL: TMT readers have their fangs and raise their claws to ask us a few pertinent questions, all of which are given pertinent answers. Check out the hearty feedback.

19 IN SEARCH OF GHOSTS: Joe Benschell gives us the lowdown on Daniel Cohen's latest book, IN SEARCH OF GHOSTS, which includes a rare and more than a little unnerving photo of a real live(?) ghost.

20 TALE OF WITCH-MILLOW HOUSE: Why is there never any answer to the knock on the front door? Discover the disturbing answer to this query in this issue's comic strip.

22 EVILS OF BLOOD ISLAND: Blood Island is one place you wouldn't even want to visit, let alone live there—and no one seems to live there very long.

26 THE RETURN OF THE MONSTER TELETYPE: All the scoops about the latest screen invasions by monsters, trends, and assorted misadventures brought to you by our ace reporter Bill Fenn.

31 SPACE OUT?: You will be when you read reviewer Joe Thornton's analysis of Paul Anderson's latest fantasy sci-fi effort, OPERATION CHAOS. Looks like Paul has come up with another weird winner.



This recently designed cover is the handwork of one Len Williams, who doubles as co-publisher of these very same Monster Times. Before settling into the executive chair he envisions today, Mr. Williams spent a good many years standing at the drawing board, turning out masterpiece such as this one featured here.

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Man...hunted...caged...forced to mate by civilized apes!

This is Commander Taylor, Astronaut. He landed in a world where apes are the civilized rulers and man the beast.

This is Marcus, Head of security police. His specialty: violence and torture.

This is Neve. The wild human animal captured and selected for special mating purposes.

This is Dr. Zaius, Brilliant scientist. Only he has the power to save or destroy the animal called man.



BY ALLAN ASHERMAN

PLANET OF THE APES

Caged to provide amusement for cruel Gorilla keepers, his human mate released by a bullet through the throat, Commander Taylor learned what it was like to be on the wrong side of the evolutionary scale.



Ever go to the zoo to watch the animals? Sure, you have—everyone has at one time or another. Now, suppose the situation was reversed? Then how would you like it? Huh? Suppose YOU were in the cage and the animals were watching YOU. Impossible, you say? Why would the animals want to watch you, you say? Ha! That's what George Taylor thought. Taylor was an ace astronaut, spinning through space and proving man's superiority over the animals. But one day things changed for old Taylor. One day he awoke to find himself in a cage... with a gaggle of APES watching HIM! Now that was an ape of a different color. How did it all come about? Read on and find out...



Commander Taylor and his fellow astronauts, Dodge (left) and Leeson (right) paddle to shore but not to safety in early moment from PLANET OF THE APES.

The needle-sharp ship glided through the nothingness of outer space and sped Taylor and his crew toward the goal of their mission. But it would take years of traveling at sub-light speeds to complete their journey, and the way down was still not sufficiently perfected for use outside of the lab. It was a nuisance and a waste of time, but suspended animation still had to be used, there were no other alternatives. Hibernation, deep-sleep, out cold for months at a time. Years at a time. Taylor was the last to step into his hibernaculum, after supervising the others and making sure all was well with the automatic life-support systems.

He lifted the glass lid of his cubicle, stepped in and started the freeze-cycle. He saw the glass cloud up, and as his own vision started to fade out, he pictured the vehicle flashing silently between the stars.

A deeper sleep. Sleeping, drifting... It seemed like only a moment later when the jolt came. Something was happening, and from the gauges inside his cubicle Taylor could see that something was wrong. Everything was off-scale, a mad rushing into... what? One of the straps of space, he thought as he freed himself and revived his two friends Dodge and Leeson.

A wind storm where there was no wind, a hurricane where there was no pressure or movement of matter. A something out of nothing, Taylor thought, as he stepped near the special cubicle where the pregnant female sat in the service still kept peacefully. He looked down at her feet, and saw...

...A dead, withered creature? A dead caricature of a shrunken human with long hair and sagging uniforms. Taylor turned and groaned, nauseated. He had known her at the Academy of Astronautics. Now she was dead of... of what? What could have caused it? Think, Taylor, think! The air must have leaked from her hibernaculum, but only faster-than-light speeds over a prolonged time could make someone wither like that, like he'd been there for hundreds of years. Hundreds?

Taylor ran to the ship's huge chronometer. Stopped. The gauges all frozen everywhere. No way to determine how far they'd gone, for how long, or in what direction. They were lost, they were doomed never to return unless they could do something quickly!

STAR WRECK?

They'd have to do something, for suddenly the ship started to vibrate. Delicate parts were smashed. Rivets buckled in the walls, floors shifted under their feet. They were caught in the atmosphere of an unknown planet. Caught bad. A burn-up would be the only possible result, unless...

The wings... gliding wings! If only the control surfaces worked, they could soar down into the air without any more damage. Maybe. But maybe they would

of sun. Looked something like Death Valley, where they had trained for a time on Earth. But where were they now? No idea! They were alive, and that was most important to them now. Time for worrying about other things later.

Later proved to be very soon. Dodge saw it first. A crude formation of comesticks with clothes. A scowling! Life! But what kind of creature? What

kind of life? They talked and guessed, and decided to find out. So they climbed from the hot canyon, over the peaks and fensed themselves in the Garden of Eden. They hatched in a small lake, fed by a large waterfall. They put their clothes on the bushes, and forgot all about civilization both human and non-human. For a time they had fun, and their guard was down. They did not hear the

"Man must be made to learn his place!"



A grain unbecoming committee in the person of [?] of Maroon, leather-jacketed Head of Security Police, awaits the tide-tossed trio as they paddle towards terror from carcasses of the rough reception is close for them.

like! Taylor struggled against the building pressure and the terrible heat.

They went through the clouds. Sharp peaks rushed at them, trees and more trees and plains and a lake straight below. If only he could get to the lake, maybe it would absorb most of the force of the crash. It would have to be a crash... the engines were completely gone, now.

A sickening stop and a sharp jolt backwards. They were in the water, and it leaked into the cracked shell of their vessel. They would sink, soon, and drown. From space to water and death. Got to move. Get the lifeboat out, and the survival gear. Rations and food and clothing and spare ration. But no time... no time.

They had to leave her in the ship, and hope they could breathe the air, if there WAS any air. Then they were in the rubber boat, peddling to shore like refugees from a flood with their last belongings strapped to their backs. Taylor turned to see the blackened hull of his ship, rocking grimly in the shallow water.

They were in a dry, and repose, with sharp rock peaks and tall cliffs and a lot



Showered by a bullet through the throat, the gorilla Taylor is spirited away by rugged pair of simian hunter.

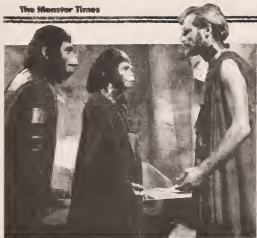
sneaking of feet, nor see their tailored uniforms being stolen by quick fingers and running beings. Running men and women, fast and primitive, clad in rags made from the trees and vines of this world.

ATTACK OF THE ANGRY APES!

Their clothes gone, they dressed in the shorts and rags left behind by whatever had snuck off with their uniforms. Through the thin woods they could see what looked like comrades. Men, women and kids played, ran and screamed like wild, untamed things. They started forward, but the noise stopped them. Bears on horses with nets and guns, chasing the primitives. Herding them, shooting and naming and trapping them all. It was like some nightmare, and they were caught up in it, as the dark horsemen started toward them, too. Then Taylor looked up and stared wide-eyed at the riders above him. Monkeys! No... Apes! Apes riding horses and holding rifles and yelling orders.

Even so, Taylor is hunker than his mate, Dodge and Leeson, as he is taken alive to share a mukashiki prison cell with Mow, the pretty primitive.





George Taylor brotherly loves when he tells her to strike up animal conversation with sympathetic ape, Cornelius (Randy McNewell) and Zira (Kim Hunter) who help the desperate human formulate a plan of escape.

GO APE, YOUNG MAN!

The destination was a town of Apes... looking like some twisted architect's grisly dream. There were no squares or circles, just crooked, clashing shapes connected by catwalks and bridges, separated by erratic moats and streets. Even the windows were irregularly shaped, and the whole place suggested the fact that the apes were once tree-climbers.

Their moats were still on horseback, still with rifle, and now Apes were everywhere... whole families of them watching the wagons coming into town, the children looking as if they were seeing a carnival freak show.

They were led from the wagon, still bound, to some sort of dark complex of buildings that looked as if they were built half underground. The place was cold and dark, with the stench of waste and death. And then Taylor saw what sort of building he was in. Bars and small rooms and larger ones for whole groups of... animals? No... for people. A zoo for human beings? He struggled, and a large gorilla, clad in a black leather suit, came from the shadows behind him and clattered him almost senseless. The dark-eyed girl screamed, and together they were pushed into a large cage. Through blurred eyes, Taylor could see the gorilla... smiling? Yes. A mocking smile, a leer through the fur-lined mouth that held a cigar. And then he slept from desperation and weariness and the pain in his throat.

He awoke to feel cold water washing over his ragged body. Water under pressure. Dirty water that tasted of salt and mud, directed by a gorilla guard. Was it the same one? They all looked alike to him... but they probably thought

the same of human-beings. He was slowly beginning to reverse the roles of humans and animals in his bewildered mind. They were hosing him, as human guards did to caged animals back on Earth! He grabbed at the bars and tried to reach at the gorilla, and realized as he tried to scream obscenities at the fat Ape. Off to one side he was being watched by a young couple of... What were they, chimps? Yes... Chimps on two legs with human eyes and voices, with finely toothed outfits and boots and insignia. But these two had something more in their eyes: pity and sympathy. He was being looked upon as a human being for the first time by the strange inhabitants of this crazed world.

Taylor, meanwhile, had earned the dark-eyed girl "Nova," and developed quite a protective interest in her. His fear for Nova proved to be justified, as he learned just why the Chimps were showing pity for them. All at once the door to their cage was forced opened, and strong Gorilla-hands were taking Taylor and Nova down a dark corridor. They were led to a small room with two rough wooden beds. They were strapped down, and through enraged eyes Taylor could see the Chimps. They were clad in aprons and gloves, stained with old dried blood. These were knives and scalpels scattered around the room, and in one corner the gruesome remains of what had once been living men and women. Another shock in his nightmare... they were in a biology lab about to be dissected. Taylor tried to scream, but still couldn't make a sound. He strained his neck to look at Nova, strapped to the table next to him. She didn't know what was going to happen to them, but was terrified because Taylor was. She screamed the scream he couldn't let escape from his wounded throat. But soon the scream, his screams, the whole answer to this crazy riddle of whom they were would no longer matter. They would both be dead.

APE GOT YOUR TONGUE?

The two Chimps, Cornelius and Zira, realized the apparatus, when suddenly Zira, the wife of Dr. Cornelius, started to argue... in perfect English, and now for the first time Taylor realized these Apes were all speaking English! He could tell them off in his own tongue with all the curses he could muster, and they would

Continued on page 29



Taylor's strenuous jailbreak meets with little success as shoo-wading apes take off in hot pursuit. Despite his heavy combat boots, fleet-footed gorilla catches up to the ragged Commander as they scurry off in brutal haste.

graves. The living were dragged off to... what? Taylor, struck speechless by the bullet, tried to yell to the beasts, but no sound came from his mouth. He felt the cage-wagon start across the rough ground, and started to think about what this could all mean, where he was and what would happen to his fellows and himself. What of his friends? They had all been separated, and Taylor could only

Taylor heard himself pitted against a stronger and formidable foe... a creature possessing the intelligence of a man and the brute strength of an Ape.

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CONAN

THE BARBARIAN

by Michael Uslan

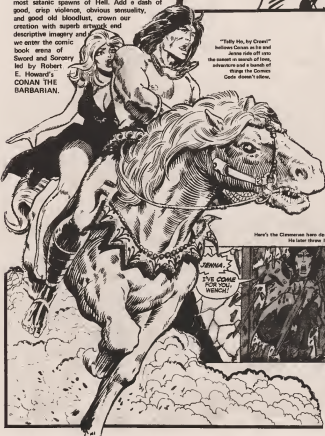
A LOOK AT
MARVEL
COMICS
GROUP'S
BRASH
BARBARIAN

Guess you
never knew there
were Olympics
in Conan's day.
Here the Cimmerians
practice the
javelin throw,
but he lost
to a Russian
from Moscow.

The trend for the super-hero in comic books is thundering to a halt. Readers are searching for something more basic. So let's take the super-hero and strip him of his costume. We'll make him bleed when wounded, give him a sword, and set his adventures in mythological worlds of ritual magic and hand-to-hand combat. Instead of tongue-in-cheek action with a mad scientist or inter-dimensional imp, really spice up them stories by pitting the hero against the most satanic spawns of Hell. Add a dash of good, crisp violence, obvious sexuality, and good old bloodlust, crown our creation with superb artwork and descriptive imagery and...

we enter the comic book arena of Sword and Sorcery led by Robert E. Howard's CONAN THE BARBARIAN.

"Tally ho, by Great!" bellows Conan as he and Jenna ride off into the sunset in search of love, adventure and a bunch of things the Comic Code doesn't allow.



CONAN in comic book form is the raw gut fighting sequences laced with the gothic overtones of Black Magic. His adventures take place some 10 to 20,000 years ago, shortly after the continent of Atlantis sank into the seas. The world teeters on the brink of chaos, the forces of mankind compete with the forces of magic for possession of the earth. With CONAN representing Man, the action is always inherently savage. The cover of issue number one, October 1970, offered the reader a glimpse of the battles to come.

And how have those multicomic battles been handled? Well...

Barry Smith's detailed and powerful artwork time after time reflects all the power of intergalactic combat, yet maintains smooth sophistication. A masterly "art nouveau" effect in comic.

As a man, CONAN is clearly a barbarian, exhibiting base emotions that would have made any school-teacher's hair stand on end. CONAN is a champion of himself, with the skill of a thief and a desire for riches. Occasionally, CONAN emerges from the self-interested shell that

Here's the Cimmerian hero doing his "Peeping Conan" routine on an unfaithful Jenna. He later throws her into a mud hole, fully absolved as best!

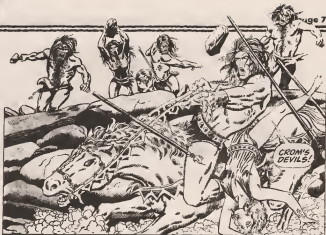


surrounds him to offer his assistance to some damsel in distress. More often than not, this has brought him the same kind of trouble SUPERMAN would run into with Lois Lane 20,000 years later. CONAN's passions bring him little satisfaction but many dangers. In Marvel's unintentionally one-shot, black and white

magazine, **SAVAGE TALES** (May 1971), CONAN lusted for a snow nymph who entices him into a chase through the icelands. As he finally catches the naked beauty, her brothers, the ice giants, unsheathe swords and vie for CONAN's head. In a fierce and bloody clash, the barbarian slays the giants and turns to the not-so-naïve nymph, who is rescued just in the nick of time by the power of "Ymir," the frost king.

Trace the changing looks of CONAN since issue number one. He is purposely being aged slowly by the artist and writer in order to show adventures from his youth as a thief, from his years as a soldier, to his eventual rise to kingship. The progression will take some time, as by the fifteenth issue he just begins to go a soldiering. He's lost his lean, youthful physique, he's become more muscular with each succeeding issue.

There has been a dazzling array of wild females gracing the pages. CONAN has met



Conan was always great with a Jervu. The fact that poor Jervu fell off, and apparently got speared doesn't seem to bother him any. He wasn't confused, you know!



We copied these panels from MARVELMANIA No. 4. They were dated for Conan No. 1 but never made it. It's true at all, but we really think Conan should do something about these ineptly book articles he submits in the third panel.

goddesses, sorcerer's daughters, enchantresses, nymphs, and even female thieves. These beauties have been featured on covers with CONAN nearly as many times as his sword has been. Their intent in journeying with him on adventures varies. Some are evil and out to steal his gold, or simply kill him. Others love him. A few are pawns of demons, mystic shamans, or magicians—the "magic" lot who are enemies of the savage human. Most notable of his women, the sultry seducing vixen of the Devil City of Shadizar... Jenna. Several times CONAN "has had" with this wench for she has been carried off by flying monsters. Everything from a giant bat to a human condor have tried their best to separate the two, yet only Jenna has the ability to conquer the might of her hero who in his just and mighty turn has conquered all of the flying creatures. Being viciously greedy, Jenna continually betrays him for gold. CONAN triumphs, however, in issue eleven (November 1971) when he pitches her off the roof of a building. Now, if only SUPERMAN would wise up to that nebulous Lois Lane...

This sword and sorcery trend, returning the hero to such rugged basics as **BEOWULF** (Conan's literary great-grand father), seems to be successful. Alas, Marvel has been producing (very erratically due to production problems) another great Robert E. Howard heroic guy, Atlantean period hero, "King Kull." Latest word has it that he will once again be featured in his own comic book. **GULLIVAR JONES, WARRIOR OF MARS**, a new Marvel rendition of the Edwin L. Arnold series, currently appearing in **CREATURES ON THE LOOSE**, but also soon to be given its own book. Other upcoming sword and sorcery comic will be

another Robert E. Howard adaptation—**SOLOMON KANE**, a necromancy-fighting Puritan. In a similar vein is Marvel's jungle hero, "Ka-Zar" who resides in **ASTONISHING TALES**.

Word even echoes through Fandom that Stan Lee and Co. will be further expanding this trend with a comic book version of **BEOWULF**.

Conan takes a brutal swipe at this slithering seven headed serpent. The ASPCA didn't dig this panel too much, in fact Conan was flayed three gold pieces.



DC's Nightmaster by Denny O'Neill and Berni Wrightson, was an interesting hero with a good concept, but was unable to catch on. As the super-heroes have all centered around **SUPERMAN**, the new wave of superheroes around **TARZAN** and **CONAN**, CONAN in particular, provides entertainment on many levels, and can be appreciated for its stark action on a simplistic level or for its very fine visual and scripted artistry on an intellectual level. Its financial successes will hopefully pave the way for more books of the Robert E. Howard spirit, as CONAN proves false the old adage, "Crom does not pay!"

MORE OF MR. HOWARD

Hey, kiddies... dig Robert E. Howard's CONAN? If you do, then the Mighty Men at Marvel have a surprise for you. Coming up in the first or second issue of **CHAMBER OF CHILLS** is a new adaptation of "The Thing On The Roof," which Howard did for his book **DARK MAN**.

The eight-page comic story is adapted by Roy Thomas (the self-same man who writes **CONAN** and **KULL**) and is drawn by free-wheeling (formerly "far-out") Frank Brunner. Frank tells us that it's a real beauty, so watch for it on your newsstands. That's an order!



No. 1, Collector's Edition (Kang, Etc.), \$2. Monstrous premiere issue containing stories on the founders of King Kong, MODERATO, and DER GÖLLE. Also, THE GÖLLE, art by Berni Wrightson and Dave Meyers, a review of THINGS TO COME and a special treatment of Buck Rogers.



No. 2, STAR TREK, Special, \$2. A special issue dedicated to all things of STAR TREK. The Star Trek Gods, THE ENTERPRISE's greatest moments, an interview with Capt. Kirk. The last days of the ENTERPRISE, STAR TREK canon, and a special parody, STAR TREK: Star Trek Land.



No. 3, Giant BUGS on the March, \$1. Our all bug issue. Home of the great bug movie, THEM, happens in the comics, Munroe's Monsters, part two of KING OF THE BEASTS, and THE EMPIRE OF THE ANTS by R.J. Hall. Plus a Fleh Rucker comic strip and a remastered King poster.

The Monster Times BACK ISSUE DEPARTMENT



No. 4, BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, \$1. A great review of THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, features on THE PULPS, comic book's GREEN LANTERN-GREEN ARROW, and E.C. movie, TALES FROM THE CRYPT. Plus the two complete horror books of 1971, ORACULA goes to court and Jeff Jones comic art in color.



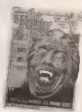
No. 5, CREATURE, Featured, \$1. Auto-biography and remaster of the one and only CREATURE FROM THE SLACK LAGOON. Also, an exclusive interview with Joe Ruber, author-art-editor of the new TARZAN comic, review of THE STAR TREK cast, SQUADRE's new big comic, Jeff Jones comic, Munroe's Monsters and Roger's only horror flick.



No. 6, ZOMBIES on Parade, \$1. A survey of all the zombies in movies, plus the ASTRO ZOMBIES and THE NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD. A feature on comics in the comics, a review of Berni Wrightson's BADTIME STORIES, and a Dan Green comic strip. Plus, a perfectly foul zombie cartoon.



No. 7, GODZILLA, \$1. The king of the monsters gets his own issue, complete with guest features and colorful content. The King Kong Commercial for Volkswagen, King Kong comics, the Cowie Art Award, Bushcon Movies, Hot Prices, DARK COMAIR by Gray Morrow and more.



No. 8, HAMMER Horror, \$1. All Hammer, All Horror! An exclusive overview with Chris Lee, the CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF comic strip, THE HORROR OF DRACULA Handbook, The Hammer Checklist, The Basics of the Best and much more. Horror galore!



No. 9, SCI-FI Special, \$1. THIS ISLAND, EARTH, 2001, A SPACE ODYSSEY, Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers, sci-fi in the comic, a Magazine companion, "Milk" review, and, introducing! THE SPACE GIANTS!



No. 10, Exclusive E.C. Comics, \$1. The Old Witch revisited in an exclusive interview, California's Guide Seymour, E.C. in the movies, The E.C. Horror comic book, The Queen of Dr. Wertheim and an exclusive interview with Bill Gaines and Al Feldhahn. And let like you wouldn't believe!

Hurry, Hurry, Hurry....!

Time is running out! That's right—back issues of THE MONSTER TIMES are rapidly becoming in rare as some of the blood types they stock in a vampire's gourmet shop. Already our first two issues are valued at \$2.00 each—and it's no wonder why. They're rare collector's items, and they're disappearing faster than a werewolf's sanity under a bright full moon. All other back issues are going

for a buck apiece... and going fast! Every day people line up outside the TMT office clamoring for back issues... and lately we've noticed a number of them carrying ropes, buckets of tar, and buckets of feathers! So, before we run out of back issues, or they run in out of town, you'd better fill in the coupon on the right... do it, do it, do it! NIGHT NOW!



THE MONSTER TIMES
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Beware of the Night Crawlers...
their clutches will disintegrate you!

A NIGHTMARE COMES
ALIVE... TERRIFYING ACID
BLEEDING MONSTERS
READY TO CARNIVORE THE
HUMAN RACE!!

THE NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS

BY JOE KANE

"Beware of the Night Crawlers... their clutches will disintegrate you!"

So reads the poster from THE NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS, a 1966 clutch at immortality by a company called REALART Pictures. You better watch out in any way because if the Night Crawlers get a hold of you, you can bet you'll melt in their hands, not in their mouths.

Realart, whose sense of self-worth is amply demonstrated by their choice of a company name, gathered together a cast for THE NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS that sounds like it was recruited from a Central Casting unemployment line: Marnie Van Dorn (of sexpot fame), Anthony Esley (of Newt Eye fame), Pamela Mason (of Jesusa Mason fame), Billy Gray (of Father Knows Best fame), Bobby Van (of dancing fame), and Walter Rando, Edward Fastaker and Philip Terry (of no

particular fame at all). Realart (still the best movie company title since Banoffee Spectaculars, who released a gore opus called BLOOD FEAST in 1963, and Expatriation. Film who were responsible for something called ROCKET ATTACK USA back in 1961) has numerous other horror films to its credit, including the HIDEKUS RUN DEMON and WOMEN OF THE PREHISTORIC PLANET, the latter having shared a double bill with THE NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS. For the information of anyone who might be interested in such things, the options on THE NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS have been since packed up by Hemisphere Films, who already have upon the BLOOD DEMON, BLOOD FIEND, BRAIN OF BLOOD, BEAST OF BLOOD, BRIDES OF BLOOD, MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND, I DRINK YOUR BLOOD and I EAT YOUR SKIN in answer for.

SPINE-TINGLING SIGHTS

According to its own publicity release, THE NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS offers such "spine-tingling sights as hideous man-eating, viciously mutilated corpses, acid scorched hands, dismembered arms and gouged-out eyes" which alone are said to be worth the price of admission. The hand-picked cast, were, Realart copywriters insist, dying to win a part in this flick which, they probably figured would give their assorted fading careers a strong push in one direction or another. Anthony Esley, for example, who enacts the role of Lt. Charles Brown, commander of the remote

the "becomes involved in a series of horrifying experiences which afford her a chance to display a wide range of emotions." whereas Pamela Mason considered "her demanding role in THE NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS one of her biggest professional challenges to date." It's not often that actors get to compete with 8 foot trees, and still less often that they are spotted by cats. Over the side cast had been assembled, the next question was: would the script be able to match their talents? The answer was, unfortunately, yes.

At any rate, the troubles on Gow Island began with a plane, cargo of everything except a pilot who is "fused to the controls in a state of extreme shock" and a cargo of "ragged penguins, files of official papers, and several lakes of exotic vegetation, one of which is broken open." Everyone involved is pretty upset by the mysterious appearance of the ghost plane and things get even worse when most of the cast starts to disappear as well. The first to go is Billy Gray, followed closely by the little-footed Bobby Van. The latter happens when Van, who plays Esque Richardson Chandler, becomes alarmed when "the camp pet, Dog, attacks something and... it takes loose a blood freezing yelp." Upon investigating, Van vanishes.

THE TREE DID IT

As it turns out the "wacky vegetation" of the form of a 6 foot tree, is at the root of these disturbances. They had been planted, see, by a biologist named Dr. Arthur Beecham (Walter Rando) is the "bad spring" but soon enough the trees turn up missing too. When Beecham and the pretty nurse Norm (Marnie Van Dorn) go to investigate further, they find that one of the trees has transplanted itself miles away from its original habitat. The tree's first reaction upon spying the pair is, predictably enough, to make a grossly physical pass at M. Van Dorn. Escaped by this misconduct, Dr. Beecham hears a Molotov cocktail at the tree just in time, making it do like it deserves. He then explains to Norm how the tree got there in the first place. The answer is as blunt as the nose on his face—it waited.

Although most of the film's 87 minutes have elapsed by this time, our heroes run into a few more walking trees, dealing with them in a similar manner, setting them aflame, until at last all of the trees are dead. At this point, a released Marnie sighs, "Thank God—it's all over," while, in case you haven't figured it out already, see our sentiments exactly. ■

The Night Monsters shared a "Realart" double-bill with WOMEN OF THE PREHISTORIC PLANET, but what we want to know is how can a fight between "female planet WOMEN" and "FEMALE space invaders" constitute a "battle of the sexes?"

WOMEN OF THE PREHISTORIC PLANET

Directed by
REALART
PICTURES



This guy made the mistake of looking up the wrong tree... and paid for it with his life.



IT'S THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES AS SAVAGE PLANET
WOMEN ATTACK FEMALE SPACE INVADERS!!

What's a movie like FRITZ THE CAT doing in a nice paper like this? Well, you may remember (or you may not—if you wanna be that way about it) that way back in TMT No. 1 we pledged this publication to the exploration of ALL manner of fantasy, even works that do not feature so much as a single monster in them, if we feel they deserve the attention, as FRITZ THE CAT does. And, since FRITZ is X-rated, many of our readers will not get an opportunity to see this unique innovation in film animation for several years yet. Besides, contributing editor Phil Seuling served as one of the voices on the flick's soundtrack and he said we should do an article about it and he's bigger than the rest of us, so... here it is...

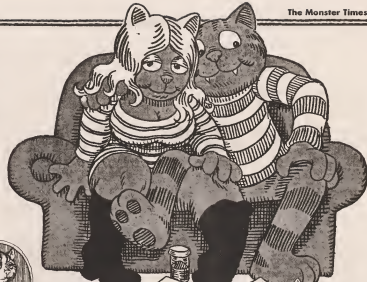


FRITZ IS A SOPHISTICATED, UP-TO-THE-MINUTE YOUNG FELINE COLLEGE GRAD WHO LIVES IN A MODERN "SUPERSTY" OF THOUSANDS OF ANIMALS. YES, NOT UNLIKE PEOPLE IN THEIR MANNERS AND MORALS.

Cartoons can be loads of fun. Kids have and probably always will, find them a source of total, unrestrained entertainment. Let's see now, there was Mickey, Donald, Yogi, Bugs... EGAD! How many of these pen and brush beetles have there been? And now, in this troubled day and age, joining the honored but overcrowded ranks of animated animals comes a cat of a different color, a frisky feline with a lot on his mind (most of which is unprintable.) I am speaking of none other than (ahem) FRITZ THE CAT. No gang, not FELIX the CAT, but FRITZ... R. Crumb's outrageous pussycat teeny-bopper revolutionary college student who discovers the meaning of life in his new X-rated feature movie. What? You never heard of Fritz before? Well then, read on...

Fritz is a wild wildcat wonder conceived by Mister R. Crumb (No foolin'—that's the guy's name!) who was cat-apulted to stardom in his creator's

FRITZ made his first public appearance in the wacky person pages of R. Crumb's "Head Comics," which also featured such noteworthy Crumb characters as Mr. Natural, Schroom the Hummer, and Fishy Point.



FRITZ the CAT

BY GARY GERANI

imaginative project, "Head" Comics. "Head" offered many different cartoon characters, but Fritz was certainly the most appealing, possibly because his young readers identified with him. He was a hip, now, crazy character with a taste for the sweeter things in life. Could be that's the reason his first flick was rated X. Oh, well...

In any event, the movie starts with Fritz and his pal desperately trying to play it cool with some Greenwich Village chicks. (To keep the records straight, the word "chick" is used in the slang sense. To the best of this reviewer's knowledge, there were no chickens per se involved here.) Anyway, it becomes painfully obvious that these equally hip and now ladies are more interested in the cultural prospects of the local crowd. (Ahem—another note. The word "crowd" is not used in the slang sense. This is R. Crumb's humorous interpretation of the black man in our society.) The film goes on for the next half hour in much the same manner, with cats jabbering on with superego and crows doing their thing until, somewhere along the line, a wild party is thrown (Fritz does the throwing... it's a private party), and it takes a couple of hair-brained cops to calm the cool cat down. The cops are—you guessed it—a pair of pigs! In all honesty, only one cop was represented as a pig in the original comic, the other being a bulldog of sorts. But, returning to our precious Motown, our hero ascends in copping one of the cop's guns and



bring the situation to a blazing halt by accelerating the nearest toilet bowl. Needless to say, Fritz is now a confirmed criminal.

After accidentally setting his college on fire, our favorite pussycat finds himself in the heart of Harlem where he befriends a likable crow named Duke. Fritz's outcastish convictions once again land him in troubleville, and this time his new-found pal saves his furry hide. Before long the two steal a car, which Fritz promptly smashes. (In case you haven't

guessed, Fritz is not exactly a joy to have around. After another night of pure pleasure, this time inspired by a rather over-developed friend of Duke's, the cat decides that his crow-friends are oppressed and proceeds to scream and rave about the white domination of black animals. This, quite naturally, results in a riot where his friend Duke is killed and Harlem (no kiddin') is bombed!!!

Our shyness kitten, however, is unharmed and hits the road in search of new mischief. Before long he runs into

(figuratively speaking, of course) a motorcycle-audist-cult creep who convinces Fritz to blow up a building in the name of the Revolution. Not knowing exactly what revolution he's working for and not particularly caring, the cat succeeds in blowing up his target as well as himself and is last seen in a nearby hospital, joined by his rascally lady-friends for a jaunt in bed. Well folks, that's the "BLOW ME DOWN"

A number of noted cartoon characters were present at the opening of FRITZ THE CAT and, although their opinions varied, the general feeling that prevailed was one of shock and disgust. "I'd say 'Well blow me down!'" remarked Popeye, not showing his thirty-some-odd years in the business, "cause it sure ain't like the way we use to make 'em—no mean, molester! women in 'em!" Some cartoon personalities felt differently. Felix (the cat, of course) entered the theater screaming his traditional "tigh-to!" but left uttering a sadder, more meaningful "tigh to!" Yogi Bear and Cindy were present (Boo-Boo, unfortunately, was under age) and when asked his opinion Mr. Bear remarked, "All that time I wasted with that dude, Ranger Smith! Fritz is certainly smarter than that average bear!"

And, as if all this information wasn't meaningless enough, here's a MONSTER TIMES special-type scoop! ... a first

hand interview with a pig (?) and a crow (?)! ... (read on and you'll dig what we mean).

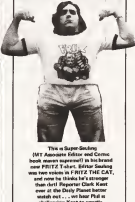
And here's a TMT instant comparison between the animated scene in FRITZ and the original cartoon version by Robert Crumb. Fritz is still super-cool in both versions.



OWN YOUR OWN FRITZ T-SHIRT

In keeping with our Fritz shock the issue, TMT sent one of its smart staffers all the way to distant Atlantic City to launch a Fritz T-Shirt, one not unlike the one glimpsed briefly in TMT No. 10. In fact, the very same one! She claimed she paid \$3.00 for the shirt, which is not too considering that it costs about seven bucks to buy a T-shirt adorned by a blow-up of your own photo—and how many of us can claim to be in handsets and topgus as Fritz, the hairy fellow? Our dartsy staffer, in fact, was so taken by her Fritz T-Shirt that, in a moment of passion, she blurted, "As long as I'm wearing this, I'll never give you the short off my back!"

Fritz and his Mr. Grace only one of several. Of course, TMT's currently available. There's a Mr. Richard Tabor on the loose, as well as a Keep On Truckas' member, and all live up to the high standards set by the Fritz job. The Fritz shirt really caught on like wildfire at the TMT office, eventually, before long, we were all wearing one and, in a fit of



whimsy, we even strode on man into the streets of Greenwich Village for the purpose of showing off our new-found finery—only to discover that everyone on the street was wearing one too! But don't worry—we sent them running quick enough. I mean, no one can't be engaged at us and expect to get away with it.

The only drawback we could dream about the Fritz the Cat T-shirt is that it is NOT featured. We found this out by sending an TMT employee into the supermarket, ostensibly for the purpose of procuring a few cigarettes for us. When we were alone that he went safely inside, we closed the door on him for several minutes. When he emerged he was pretty heated up about it and said we the T-shirt. But this shouldn't affect the demand of normal people, so, if you feel you fit into that category, by all means get yourself a Fritz T-shirt—last you through all nine lives.

Well Gosh, I think that's about enough of this nonsense for the time being. Seriously, FRITZ THE CAT is a wild experience and it's a damn shame if you don't get a chance to catch it. Many kids today have never seen a fully animated cartoon (most of the new stuff on the tube is non-animated—most animated only in part) and this flick, animated and directed by Ralph Bakshi, is a fast-paced, colorful and truly exciting wonder. I guess the only thing youngsters can do is wait a few years until they can get into their local theaters without a hassle. And, if FRITZ is any indication, cartoons men should be really something!



Phil Seuling's renowned lyrics give life to the law enforcement officer or "pig." While Phil's voice might have been perfect for the part, you can see that compared to Phil (in Fritz) the cartoon cop had nothing to worry about in the look department.

PHIL SEULING...SUPER STAR

What would you do if a long-haired, sharp featured man wearing bright yellow dungarees walked into your office, claiming to be the star of an animated movie. You'd probably throw him out. Except if the offices are those of THE MONSTER TIMES, and the man is an MT Contributing Editor, Phil Seuling.

Yes, boys and girls, TMT's own man-about-town, Phillip N. Seuling, is a star. A bona-fide movie idol, hero of millions! Phil cracked the rough and tumble movie scene by doing two voices for the smash movie cartoon, FRITZ THE CAT. Phil plays a rookie cop who's a real dummy, and a black crow who's really with it.

When we asked Phil how it felt being a screen star, he answered "It feels nice."

Despite his cavalier attitude, and although he only got a token payment, he claims it's one of his greatest roles (even to think of it, as far as we know, it's his only role...). Phil has now done just about everything... teaches, writer, comic book dealer, convention chairman, and now star of the silver screen. It boggles the imagination!

Phil later related how he had met the director of FRITZ THE CAT through a mutual friend who had invited him to a screening. As a result Phil was used in the flick, and sparked with such lines as "I ain't no juv-juivster! What ya think I am... Gamin'?"

According to our intrepid movie star, the whole cartoon was done without a shooting script. The scenes were drawn and animated, the voices briefed on the plot of each scene,

then freed to use any dialogue they desired. Such inventing as you go is called improvisation, and while it doesn't always work well, it sometimes renders spectacular results. Apparently, Phil was so impressive in his role as an officer of the law, the directors added several scenes just to accommodate him. The org later developed into a major character in the final version.

Phil took five minutes to get everything done, but he said that he enjoyed them all. And since the improvisational method is off-the-cuff and unrehearsed, we asked Phil if, given the chance, he'd have delivered lines differently. He doubted it, but admitted that there was "no way to answer" the question, and that he could second guess himself forever. We doubt he will, though.

A side-light to the whole mangle was Phil's taking his whole theatre class to one of the recording sessions (Phil's a teacher by trade who wants to do some radio commercials). He reports that the whole class had a ball, and asked a million questions. Probably the same questions we threw at Phil as soon as we heard. Everyone loves a star!

One of the questions that always seemed to pop up: What was Phil's response when he heard his movie voice? He said that it didn't bother him or impress him at all, but did admit "when the audience laughs at one of your lines, oh wow, it's really something else..."

As far as the rest of the TMT staff is concerned, Phil is still Phil, despite the hundreds of star-daring grasping that now surround him. He's still quite human. And, then again, we occasionally have to call the shrink for him. Seems as if every once in a while he breaks into an uncontrollable cackle. If we didn't know him better, we'd swear he's a black crow!

—Joe Brancatelli



CARTOON & COMIC STRIP ART

BY JOE BRANCATELLI



The man with the beard is Jerry Robinson, co-indicator of the whole exhibit. He drew the Batman cover shown here in 1942. The villain making time in The Joker, history's only white-faced performer... The poster was displayed in the window of the Graham Gallery. The text just happened to be passing by.

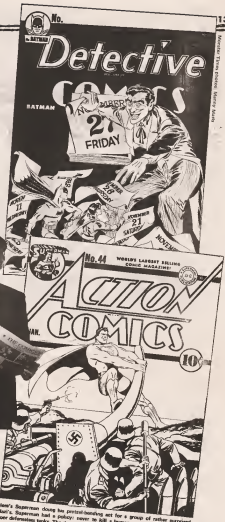
Ever been to Madison Avenue? Up where all the swank art galleries are? You know, the ones that exhibit all kinds of wonderful art from places you never heard of? Like South Papp-Papp art set from 1625. Last month (April 4-29), however, the prestigious GRAHAM GALLERIES (1914 Madison Avenue) decided that the time had come to exhibit the art of the people. The art that you wrap your fish in. The art that you've taken for granted all these years, looking at in the papers, reading on Sunday mornings. That art, the art of millions, comic art, was the subject of a two floor, 125 piece exhibit so it that self-same gallery.

Although the comics looked a little out of place at the stodgy, bolshie-than-thou gallery, it was fun finally seeing comics getting their just due. For years everyone thought of comics as great entertainment, but hardly art. It was not until the Cultural Center held a magnificent, 300 piece exhibit ran by comic expert Maurice Horn that the general public began realizing that comic art was for real, and was, indeed, a legitimate fine art. Something we fans have known for years.

This particular display at GRAHAM was run by top time comic artist Jerry Robinson. Mr. Robinson was the long-time artist on Batman in the 1940's and was credited with the invention of The Joker, one of Batman's most popular foes, and a poke-faced villain if ever we've seen one. He's also the artist on the currently running comic strips Still Life and Classroom Fable and Phyla, and to top it off, he currently is writing a book

entitled (what else?) COMICS. AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF

This is the world famous full-on-a-cliff-while-bound-and-popped art from a 1940 TERRY AND THE PIRATES.



Here's Superman doing his prize-winning art for a group of rather inspired poor defenseless tanks. The shaver of his...

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OF COMIC STRIPART. Some title, eh?

The display itself was nicely laid out, and spacious, if not all inclusive. While the exhibit ignored many of the great artists of the time, it also managed to unearth pieces of great art long presumed lost.

The exhibit had some really nice old pieces. Some of them included in that group was LITTLE BEANS AND TIGERS by Jimmy Swannerton (the first piece of comic art from 1897, THE YELLOW KID by Richard Outcault (the first comic strip from 1898) and LITTLE NEMO by Winslow McCay (a highly unimpressive strip that is still revered today) from 1906.

There was also plenty of humor strips included. Among them were included LUL ABNER, PEANUTS, FEFFER, MUTT AND JEFF, KRAZY KAT (the all time greatest, currently running on TV in cartoon form and being reprised by NEWSDAY), BLONDE, and the hottest of the new humor strips, BROOM-HILDA (by Russell Myers). The adventure strips were also well-represented at a display including PRINCE VALIANT, FLASH GORDON, RIP KIRBY, TERRY AND

THE PIRATES, and CAPTAIN EASY.

Specialty comics were also well-represented by pieces by artists like Richard Taylor (from NEW YORKER), Thomas Nast (who, for you history buffs, had a big part in exposing Boss Tweed and Tammany Hall), and of special interest to MT fans, Charles Addams (creator of TV's ADDAMS FAMILY, and a cartoonist whose monsters became so famous that seven books have been printed about them). And Jerry Robinson had lots of his own art there (he just happened to have it around, we're sure).

As you might expect at a pop art gallery, many of the strips were for sale. Unfortunately, the prices were so restrictive (\$900 for a PRINCE VALIANT, \$600 for a Charles Addams) that we are sure very few will be sold.

A reasonably priced catalog from the exhibit is available from the galleries for \$2.

All in all, it was a pretty neat show, a little weak on some artists that should have been represented, a little heavy on others (notably Robinson himself), but it was fun. Besides how often do you get to go to Madison Avenue and see how the rich folks live?

In the spirit of William Baring-Gould's *Sherlock Holmes of Baker St.* and Philip Jose Farmer's *Tarzan Lives*, The Monster Times presents:

an interview with Count Dracula

BY ROGER SINGLETON

PRELUDE

I was on my way to a well-known midtown hotel for an appointment one rainy night in April. This was no ordinary appointment but an interview that I looked forward to with a mixture of eager anticipation and cold fear. The individual whom I was to interview was none other than Count Dracula.

Vampires exist. Count Dracula is real. These are two of my fondest convictions. Years of research and recent months of investigation had led me to believe that even more strongly. When I received a telegram instructing me to meet someone who claimed to be Dracula, naturally I was skeptical. However, I could not afford to pass up what might be a unique opportunity.

DINNER WITH DRAC

The taxi deposited me at the hotel near Central Park where I was to have dinner with the Count. A private elevator delivered me to the penthouse apartment which the Count occupied. The plush decor was striking and surprising. The textured crimson wallpaper and richly

carved, air," he said pleasantly enough. "This way, please." I breathed a sigh of relief and followed him down a dimly lit corridor. There was no sign of the Count.

QUITE A CARD

Then I noticed the card on the dining table:



I must say I was not really surprised. So far I was beginning to believe this was the real thing and this seemed perfectly in character. I shuddered to think about his "business."

For over an hour I only picked at the dinner. I remember little about what was served. But during that time I was determined that, having started this, I would see it through regardless of the consequences.

"Lugosi had a certain old world charm, but he was certainly a far cry from the way I see myself..."

piled carpet was a far cry from the creepy gothic atmosphere I had anticipated. Yet, for all the luxury, there was something more frightening about this place than if it were a public run.

While I waited in the foyer for someone to greet me, I began to feel that I was being watched. The silhouette of a man appeared in the doorway in front of me and I froze in fear. He stepped into the light and proved to be an inconspicuous looking agent. "Dinner is

After dinner I was ushered into a drawing room where I waited for the better part of an hour. There was nothing that might distinguish this room as part of the vampire's lair, other than the wealth it seemed to represent. I stood before the fireplace, staring into the open flames, suddenly aware that I had never drawn up a wall. Without warning a rich, resonant voice coming from behind me said, "Good evening... forgive me for having kept you waiting."

THE COUNT

I turned around quickly and saw someone who could have been none other than Count Dracula, my first impression convinced me I was not the victim of a hoax. The two-inning presence of the man was proof enough that here indeed was Count Dracula. "Relax, my friend, you have nothing to fear. I believe we can perform a great service for each other this evening," he said in a voice tinged with a faint foreign intonation; the only clue that English was not his native tongue.

Tall, lean, and elegantly dressed in black tie, the Count looked different from the way I had visualized him and somehow far more impressive than I had

which I consider unflattering. So I will answer your questions to the best of my ability." His gracious quality made it hard to believe that this continental gentleman was considered the world's greatest fiend. But I could not get over the cold, vice-like grip of his handshake.

NO PHOTOS

TMT: "Shall we begin then?" I asked as I pulled out my note pad. "Why did you forbid me to bring a camera or a tape recorder?"

Dr. I did not forbid you; I merely suggested that you should not burden yourself with useless devices. As you should well know, I do not cast a shadow

"My lawyer told me that David Frost wanted to do 90 minutes with me, and there was some talk of a television special..."

thought possible. I was amazed that he looked much younger than I had ever imagined him. His hair was a lustrous black and contrasted sharply with his pale complexion. The deep-set dark eyes were highlighted by thick eyebrows. He wore a moustache which camouflaged the large eyes which protruded slightly over the lower lip.

"I have been aware of your efforts to locate me for some time," the Count said in his charming manner. "It seemed inevitable that we should meet, so I arranged this interview. I am glad to see you took my telegram on faith and came tonight... I regret the impersonal means of communication, but I felt that it was the most sensible approach."

"Your persistence in searching for me has been impressive," he continued. "I hope tonight's interview will be of mutual benefit to both of us. You see, I wish to set the record straight, as you Americans would say, to change a public image

or a reflection in a mirror. Does it not follow that I will not register an image on film, video, or audio tape?"

TMT: Of course! It only now occurred to me there isn't a mirror in your apartment and the indirect lighting makes shadows unlikely. By the way it's a lovely home you have here.

Dr. Thank you, I like it. But it is just one of many lairs I have in the metropolitan area. Though I miss the broken buttresses of my castle in Transylvania, my present accommodations serve my purposes quite adequately.

TMT: Count, you are a vampire, in fact the King of Vampires, are you not? Could we delve into the particulars of vampirism?

Dr. Oh, that word! Vampire—I prefer "undead." You have no idea what it is really like to be a member of a minority group and have labels pinned on you! Oh, very well, then... if you must know about my "condition," so be it.

Continued on page 26

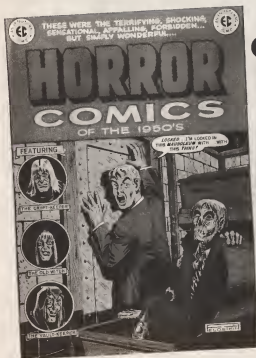


TMT's ace illustrator Neal Adams upsized to do this pulsating portrait of the infamous Count. "Bloody well done!" quipped the Count, "Bloody well done!"

THIS IS COMMANDER TAYLOR, ASTRONAUT. HE'S LANDED IN A WORLD WHERE APES ARE THE RULERS AND MAN THE BEAST. NOW HE IS CAGED, TORTURED, RISKS MUTILATION, BECAUSE NO HUMAN CAN REMAIN HUMAN ON THE

PLANET OF THE APES





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THE MONSTER TIMES

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To the Editor...
MONSTER TIMES
Box 595
Old Chelsea Sta.
New York 10011

P.S. I have found that the Godzilla model you discussed in issue No. 7 is unfortunately not the last in the world. I saw a number of them on sale at the Toy And Hobby Center in the Kings Plaza Shopping Center on Flatbush Avenue in Brooklyn. (glowing head and all) .

Thanks Robert, and you can be sure that when we check prices and find too great a disparity, we'll report it. We try to keep readers informed of the rip-off artists, but they seem to be proliferating at an alarming rate. And if you find more info, please don't hesitate to let us know!

A MARVEL-OUS MT

Dear Editor,

I like the MONSTER TIMES a lot. Your stories and artwork are great. There's just one thing I'd like to ask. How about an all-Marvel issue? You promised an all-Superman issue, so it's only fair that you have an all-Marvel issue. I would appreciate this very much and so would Marvel!

Sincerely yours,
Scott Martin
Ridge, New York

While we are planning an all-Superman issue of TMT, it's not inconceivable that we'll do an all-Marvel issue sometime in the future. If we do, you'll be the first to know.

TO DIME OR NOT TO DIME?
THAT IS THE QUESTION!

Dear Monster Times,

I am a great fan of yours, and I have read every one of your issues. I must say that you have done a terrific job. I enjoyed every issue, but as I was reading issue No. 8 I saw something more horrifying than Ches Lee himself! It was the price of the issue, 60 cents. I admit you have a really good deal but don't you think 60 cents is a trifle too much? We are not all made of money! Please give me an explanation for this.

Your fax,
Lair Patterson,
Fairfield, Conn.

We don't know anyone made of money, Larry. And that includes your stalwart (but poor) staff here at THE MONSTER TIMES. To be able to ship most of your favorite monster publications all over the country we had to raise the price a dime. Ever rising shipping costs forced the price up. If you live in New York, though, it will still cost 50 cents. So, while we are sorry for the rise, we do promise to give you every penny of your money's worth and more. Then, of course, you could always move to New York.

SEBING RIVALRY!

Dear Editor

Issue No. 9 of THE MONSTER TIMES was great, but the letter by John Sponte made me sear at it. (1) Anzila is not Godzilla's brother. (2) Anzila was in DESTROY ALL MONSTERS and was smaller than Godzilla. (3) Anzila walks on all fours most of the time (4) Just because Godzilla and Anzila have almost the same name doesn't mean they are related.

Bob Skir
L.I., N.Y.

Can any of you monstrous fax clear up this barking question? Is Anzila Godzilla's brother or not? The suspense is killing us!!

Send us as many letters, postcards, boasts, objections, bomb threats, etc., that The Post Office will have to deliver our mail with a bulldozer. Address all correspondence to: THE MONSTER TIMES, Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y. 10011.



IN SEARCH OF GHOSTS

by DANIEL COHEN,

Dodd, Mead & Company, \$4.95

Ghosts have intrigued people for centuries. These white-sheeted apparitions have been the basis of legends for generations. What book hasn't had a haunted house, supposedly haunted by ghosts and goblins? What kid hasn't spent Halloween day masquerading as a ghost? And what kid hasn't thrilled to the exploits of Casper, the Friendly Ghost in cartoons and comics?

Responding to the tide of ghostly tales and legends is IN SEARCH OF GHOSTS, by Daniel Cohen. In his new book (Dodd, Mead and Company, 182 pp.), Mr. Cohen ferrets out the truth from the false, the rumor from the reality, and the lie from the truth. Or at least he tries.

Unfortunately, unless a person is a true believer, or a yarn spinner, he is left with little new to say about ghosts. That seems to be Mr. Cohen's problem. He just doesn't have anything new to add. Research in the field of occult and phantom (the study of ghosts) has been progressing for centuries, but IN SEARCH OF GHOSTS just won't add much to what already is known. To offset this, the author fabricates dubious tales. The book kicks off with a fast-paced,



A 19th century church of a skeletal spirit who looks like he can't make up his mind whether he's the Scour of the Scared.

of the spiritualist movement (the thesis that spirits can communicate through mediums enveloped in trances). It ranges from the mysterious Fox case in 1848 to the development of the séance room and the Society for Psychical Research. Throughout this whole section, however, we are left with the distinct smell of incense from a circus sawdust. Cohen sensationalizes the spiritualist movement so thoroughly that it seems as if he's trying to tell ideas, not present them objectively. He lightly throws caution to the wind, and we're only surprised that he didn't bother to recommend his personal medium too.

Finally, Cohen provides several chapters on such sundry topics as "Haunted Houses and Poltergeists," "Apparitions and Spirit Photographs."

There are some interesting little pieces of information in this book, but we expected more solid information from Mr. Cohen, who was formerly Managing Editor of SCIENCE DIGEST. It struck us as strange that a man with Cohen's science background tried to feed off a mélange of rumors, lies and old wives' tales as factual information. IN SEARCH OF GHOSTS is interesting reading, but it doesn't make anyone a true believer, and it certainly won't further the science of ghosts any. For that, they'll have to look to better written books.

—Joe Brancatelli

Photo of ghost taken in front of haunted house in which you were here type goes. If you think the story is convincing, check out what's happening at 1000 W. 10th St. in a newspaper house you can find on the very next page.



EAGER BEAVER!

Dear Editor,

I guess I'm a typical Monster Times reader, although I was under the impression that there were only a few who read the 25¢ copy of "I am Legend", still had a collection of E.C. comics, saw all Hammer films, went bananas over the new DC Tarzan, and understood the meaning of "KILATEAU VERADA NICTO".

As long as you keep printing I'll keep buying. Keep up the good work. I was particularly interested in your article on "Night of the Living Dead". The director, George Romero, is now filming his second wiffl flick in the same locale as "Living Dead" and with the same great techniques. I have a part in the film. It's called "The Crazies". Look for me. I play the deputy sheriff.

Tony Scott
WBVP Program Director
Beaver Falls, Pa.

We'll be looking for you, Tony. And let us know when it comes out. But what's a radio man doing in movies?

MAIL-ORDER VAMPIRES
MARCH AGAIN!

Dear Sir

I would like to congratulate you on TMT. It is the most refreshing thing to happen to horror and sci-fi fans in many years. I wouldn't know what to say is the best part about it, it is diversified and excellent. Besides all the great articles and the information offered, I think that the Monster Market is a good idea. I am 25 years old, and most of the things sold in the back of the various monster mags, may not interest someone in my age bracket. I feel they appeal mostly to the children. Since they don't have as much spending money as say someone with a job, I think they should be warned of those who may separate them from their money with shoddy merchandise or excessive prices. If I may list a few examples: The Dracula record reviewed in issue No. 8 had the cover price at \$3.98. As an ad as CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN offers it for \$5.95. Another example of inflation is the 8mm movies. In FAMOUS MONSTERS they are offered for \$6.95 plus postage. On the other hand in a mag. called FOR MONSTERS ONLY, the same films are offered for \$9.98 plus postage. These films are available in numerous camera departments & large department stores. These prices I have found them for were \$5.15, \$5.49, and \$5.95. You can see how some people can separate uneducated children from their allowances. There are a lot of things available through mail order, but if kids can read about them in your Monster Market, they may be added in not wanting their money. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
Robert W. Martin

superficial historical introduction. The author speaks of the primitive fear of the dead, moves through ghost tales in Grecian times, progresses through 19th century England, focusing on some of the more important cases of occultism.

Cohen uses the old trick of leaving the reader hanging, letting him decide for himself the veracity of each individual case. There is nothing wrong with leaving each incident to its own merit, but we're all tired of true cliffhangers with no ending. The dustjacket of IN SEARCH OF GHOSTS claims the book is a definitive history of ghosts, but it really doesn't give us any answers, regardless of what the dustjacket says.

The middle chapters of the book serves up highlights of the development



STORY: BILL FERET
PICTURES: DAN GREEN



I WAS FOUND IN THE NORTH ATTIC OF WITCH-WILLOW HOUSE, AND THE NEW TENANT PLACED ME UPON THE DOOR FOR WHICH I WAS ORIGINALLY INTENDED.

HE POLISHED ME TILL I SHINED AND SPOKE OF THE COMING OF HIS NEW BRIDE.

SHE'LL JUST LOVE IT HERE, I KNOW IT!

HIS BRIDE FINALLY DID ARRIVE, BUT HER ATTITUDE WAS NOT ONE OF CHEER.



...IT'S SO OLD AND EVIL LOOKING...

...LAWRENCE, HOW COULD YOU BRING ME HERE?



THEY FOUGHT CONSTANTLY ABOUT THE HOUSE...

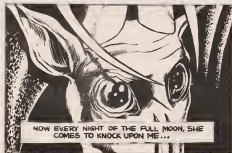
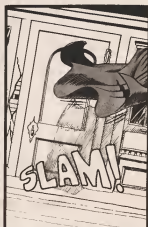
...I CAN'T STAND IT HERE, I'VE GOT TO LEAVE THIS TERRIBLE PLACE!

YOU CAN'T, WE'VE NO PLACE ELSE TO GO. THIS IS ALL MY FATHER LEFT ME ...AND NO ONE WILL BUY IT.

THEY WERE IN THE FRONT GARDEN, ARGUING, ON THE DAY I DID MY DEED...

...LAWRENCE, I'M LEAVING YOU! I LOATHE THIS PLACE ...AND YOU FOR BRINGING ME HERE!





...BUT THERE'S NEVER ANYONE HOME TO ANSWER.

How many so-called horror films have you seen that failed to deliver the gruesome goods? Not only were they absolutely stupid and bloodless, but, like as not, they didn't even provide a clear glimpse of the alleged "monster" that was always said to be lurking about. Well, finally there's one movie company putting the horror back into the horror film, with lots of blood and gore and monsters and mutilation tossed in for good measure. Crack terror scribe Buddy Weiss takes a good look at two of Hemisphere Pictures' (The House of Horror, as they call themselves) latest bloodletting ventures, the MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND and (gasp!) BEAST OF BLOOD! So, without wasting any more space, let us set foot now into the dense jungles of Blood Island as fashioned by its equally dense creators at Hemisphere.

by Buddy Weiss

What two movies have so much blood in them that Dracula himself would be hard put not to give them 4 stars each? Why, MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND and BEAST OF BLOOD, of course! Between them, they have enough celluloid capricious to feed a dozen hungry vampires for the next century or so.

And these titles are only two of a whole bloody bundle of gore movies produced by Hemisphere Pictures, a company that modestly calls itself "The House of Horror" (Their exclamation point, not ours—Ed.) Hemisphere, in its relatively short existence, has also turned out tasty items on the order of BLOOD

DEMON, BLOOD FIEND, BRAIN OF BLOOD, BRIDES OF BLOOD, I DRINK YOUR BLOOD and, for a change of pace for those looking for more solid nourishment, I EAT YOUR SKIN. We'll be getting around to each of these films in this and the next two installments of the series... but for now, let's take a look at what the MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND is up to.

THE MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND, double-billed at most theaters with BLOOD DEMON, stars ex-teen actor John Ashley and Angelique FettiJohn. Hemisphere, by the way, conducts ad campaigns that might best be described as heavy, and ones that even put the old American-International numbers to shame. For the MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND, the ad poster reads: A Weird SHRIEK-OUT... Do the "Mad Doctor" Thing. Drink Green Blood and Groove. The Most Absorbing Horror Happening Ever! If you're out for blood, you can rely on Hemisphere...

The MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND begins with Dr. Bill Foster (John Ashley), red-blooded American boy and ace medico, being sent to the mysterious Blood Island to investigate "strange" happenings. Actually, they are more than a little bit strange—they're downright unnatural! People vanishing, monster carrying kids off into the jungle, and coconuts going sour overnight, before they even leave the trees. It's Un-American things like these that give places like Blood Island a bad name.

Accompanying Dr. Foster to the

"Spare parts?" asks strong-out Blood Beast, taking it lying down for a change in Hemisphere's jungle bloodshed. THE MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND.



Graphic method of eating headless is demonstrated in this example of Hemisphere's gross body art for BEAST OF BLOOD, sequel to THE MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND.



notorious isle are Sheila Willard and Carlos Lopez. Why, you might ask, would a nice girl (not to mention a beautiful one) like that be going to a place like Blood Island? The answer is two-fold and simple. One, because every horror film requires a heroine to give its sex appeal a shot in the arm and, two, because her father lives there. Of course, we never learn why her father lives on Blood Island, but then there's a lot of things we never learn in the films but as long as there's a lot of blood and monsters, who's counting.

Carlos is along for a different purpose. His mother lives on Blood Island and he wants to fetch her from that mysterious locale. In fact, his plan is about the only thing in the movie that makes any sense.

At any rate, the boat carrying Bill, Sheila, and Carlos docks at Blood Island and before you can



Following his transformation from man to monster, Don Farmer finds that his popularity among the ladies girls has leveled off to an even zero.

say 'hemoglobin' all manner of weirdness begin to take place. First off, Sheila finds out that her formerly respectable father is now nothing but a drunken bum who is fond of disappearing into the dangerous jungle for long stretches at a time. Being a logical type, Sheila goes in after him, without bringing along a gun, food, or much in the way of clothes either (but you have to keep in mind the fact that it's awful HOT on Blood Island). Almost as soon as Sheila steps foot into the underbrush, however, she is attacked by a horrible monster who drips green stuff all over her fair white body and abuses her in a typically male chauvinist manner.

Meanwhile, while all this is going on, Bill is busy doing some medical detective work. He soon discovers that the island is plagued by a terrible mysterious disease... one that turns a human blood from a healthy red to a sickly green color. Bill is understandably puzzled by this turn of events.

Carlos is keeping himself active as well. After he locates his mother, he finds that she doesn't want to leave the island on account of her dead husband. Carlos, being of sound mind and body, deduces that if his mother is staying on Blood Island because of her dead husband, then the dead husband (his father) must still be alive — if he can still exert that much pressure on mom. So, to follow down his hunch, Carlos enlists the aid of Dr. Bill and together they journey to a graveyard to exhume dad's tomb, only to find the coffin... you guessed it, empty! It is Bill's quick-thinking opinion that if Carlos' father isn't in the coffin, then he must be somewhere else, and is probably still alive in boot, otherwise his escape from the tomb would have been exceedingly difficult indeed.

Around this time, Bill and Carlos are interrupted in their morbid bewilderment by the sound of high-pitched screams emanating from the direction of the jungle. Sounds like Sheila, they guess, and, like the stout-hearted heroes they are, dash off into the jungle to rescue her. They find the

beast-ravaged Sheila and, in her gratitude, she kisses them both for saving her and, together, they exit the jungle to puzzle out the plots that seem to be thickening at an alarming rate.

Meanwhile, Carlos' investigation is getting noplace fast. His mother has taken in a pair of lodgers, a certain mysterious Dr. Lorea and

compare notes with Dr. Bill Foster and when the two put their heads together they discover they share one thing in common: neither have the slightest idea of what might be behind the mysterious happenings on Blood Island. So they consult Sheila.

GREEN FIELD

Sheila informs them that the monster that attacked her was of a green hue. Bill immediately decides

BEAST OF BLOOD has an ax to grind and hopes to end with the deranged Dr. Lorea, Blood Island's resident mad scientist and the one responsible for Don Ramon's terrifying transformation.



his assistant Maria, and none of them will offer Carlos so much as a single clue as to his father's whereabouts. He then goes back to

that this must be connected with the mystifying "green blood" disease, the coincidence being too tempting to resist. And, since he took a spontaneous dislike to Dr. Lorea, Bill further concludes that the rival doctor must be at the bottom of it all. Professional jealousy, no doubt, even though Bill's bedside manner has proven to be far more successful than the grim Dr. Lorea's — as far as the lovely Sheila is concerned at least.

So Bill confronts Dr. Lorea who, being a card-carrying secretive power-mad scientist, immediately tells them everything.

As it turns out, the monster is none other than Carlos' missing father, Don Ramon. Ramon, who had been dying of an unspecified disease, went to Dr. Lorea, the evil genius, for help. Lorea, in turn, injected the hapless Ramon with a strange serum he'd invented, one that put Carlos' old man through some pretty heavy changes. Don Ramon began growing edgy and ill-tempered and gradually evolved into a full-fledged monster. He



The Hemisphere green book offers choice bits like the ones above, all warning that while Blood Island might be a nice place to visit, you wouldn't want to live there. In fact NO ONE lives there for very long.

popularity among his fellows promptly leveling off to an even zero. Feeling alienated and reviled by his new green color, Don Ramon fled into the jungle where he busied himself by pulling annoying practical 'jokes' on all who might wander into his domain with the purpose of ferreting him out.

Demonstrating an ironic sense of timing, Don Ramon, the monster, appears on the scene just as Dr. Lorea is explaining this to the others. Having all the anti-social tendencies common to monsters everywhere, Don Ramon gets his revenge on Lorea by wrecking the place and trying to stomp everyone in sight. In the ensuing confusion, a few jars containing inflammatory chemicals chance to spill onto the floor and a massive fire breaks out. The heroes scurry out of the fiery house to safety where they watch the conflagration. Presumably Dr. Lorea and his monster are killed.

Content that their mission has been a success, Bill Foster, Carlos, Sheila and her father (who also turned up out of nowhere near the end of the film) leave the island. Blood Island is bloody no more... not until the next movie, at least.

Continued on next page

One of the hapless residents of Blood Island makes a cameo as heroine Angelique Farkus, whose troubles are only beginning.



While not exactly a marvel of modern plastic surgery, the makeup of our friend the Blood Beast represents a real high point in horror film gore.



BEAST OF BLOOD

But horror movie heroes like Bill Foster do not remain at rest for long, and soon enough he returns to Blood Island in Hemisphere's sequel, the **BEAST OF BLOOD**. Keeping Bill company this time around is his charming companion Myra Russell, girl reporter and voluptuous lady.

The "troubles" have erupted once again on Blood Island, a scene, and again Bill is dispatched to see what he can do about the situation. Bill finds that the natives are unusually restless and not very friendly towards him either, since they associate him with the last murderous outbreak of Blood Island horror. Dr. Foster quickly assures the natives that he'll do everything he can (which isn't all that much) to end this terrible new menace to the community. His first step is to return to the old stomping grounds of the late, departed Dr. Lorea to see if there's anything happening there. The place is now a wasteland of burned buildings and overgrown weeds and scurrying rats and the like. But, before Bill is able to discover anything at all, disaster strikes again: Myra is kidnapped by a gang of restless natives!

Bill rounds up a gang of good natives and heads out in search of the abducted Myra. They find her soon enough, but the bad natives don't want to give up their hard-won prize so a fight breaks out and, amidst the punching and yelling, Myra offers a native who tried to do her in by shoving a machete through his ribs. Myra, in fact, is the only one who actually kills anyone in the fight, which would seem to belie her "helpless" nature. At any rate, the gang goes back to visit Lorea's estate once again where Bill becomes aware of another calamitous turn of events: Myra is missing again!

This time she's been ripped off by Lorea's henchmen in order to serve as the bait in a trap set for Bill. Lorea (who, of course, didn't die in the fire that climaxed the **MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND**), has apparently grown

tired of Dr. Bill's ceaseless interference and possibly his poor acting abilities as well and is determined this time to do him in once and for all.

Lorea is also jealous of Dr. Bill's women. Just as he fell for Sheila in the first film so he falls for Myra in this one. The mad doctor, in a crude bid for Southern Pacific hospitality, takes Myra on a guided tour of his new domain, which features a horrifying prison compound in which are kept the horribly disfigured natives who have served as the victims of his vile experiments. Meanwhile, Bill is hard at work on a plan to get Myra out of the Madman's hands.

Paying a sneak visit to Lorea's hideout (how he finds it is never explained, but we're probably better off not knowing anyway), Bill notices that Lorea's face bears horrible scars, the marks, no doubt, of their last confrontation. Lorea has another surprise in store for the brave Dr. Bill, namely the decapitated body of his monster, Don Ramon, who has been kept alive and kicking by some fiendish mad doctor machine. Lying thoughtfully atop a nearby table is the still living head of the ghastly green terror!

THE MONSTER'S MUM

It seems that Lorea has a little bit of the drink in him too, since he's been trying to reach the green monster's head only to find it extremely uncommunicative. The blood monster refuses to talk and Lorea's understandably incensed at the thought of this rejection. But, while the monster's severed vocal chords have remained silent and still, the mind in his bodiless head is still active, hatching plans of grisly revenge. The monster has managed to keep a spark of rationality alive within him and, as the head begins a deep concentration, the body rises and grabs Dr. Lorea. Bill and Myra look on in horror as the gruesome dance of death goes on between the madman and his monster, before turning tail and running to safety once again, as seems to be their wont.

BEAST OF BLOOD makes ready to bite the hand that fed him... and anything else that happens to be in his way as anticipated climax of Hemisphere's blood orgy of shriek and screams continues.

Meanwhile, the severed head finally begins to open up a bit. "We can talk now," Dr. Lorea, if you want to..." It says, while the headless body beats the crazed scientist senseless - which isn't a hard thing to do, considering the mad doctor's imbalanced mental state. Bill decides that the monster, along with everything else, is highly expendable, so he plants a few



Blood Island is offered a unique view of the proceedings as he gets head freed to him in the poignant moment from **BOB**.

sticks of dynamite and watches with Myra as the whole place blows up.

Bill and Myra abandon the bloody ale and the natives learn to relax again. But will Blood Island remain in this rare state of tranquility for long? Not likely, not with Hemisphere Pictures' busy production schedule.

Time in next issue for further developments on Blood Island and the whole crew of washed-up actors cast ashore on its terrifying terms. And remember: "The blood you save may be your own."

"Bleeds the soil waters," say mad doctor from Blood Island, fumes that a rich lady at a very nice, respectable hotel after breakfast. But then it must be tough to make up your mind when you're not even sure of which staff it is...



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POSTERS BY Topic

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THE BIG LITTLE BOOK CATALOG. Here are all the Big Little Books published in the 1930's and 1940's, alphabetically listed. How many Flack Gordan titles were there? Whose films were put into BLB form? An excellent research and reference item.

.....\$1.25

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Bravissimo to me and

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**THE
HERO
PULP
INDEX**



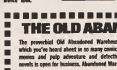
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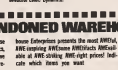
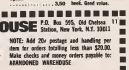
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ENCLOSED AGE

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page The Monster Times Teletype

...frank news, reviews, previews, grace-flashes ferreted out by BILL FERET, Monsterdom's answer to Rosa Barret. Bill is in show-biz; a singer, dancer, actor and has many contacts in the domain of Entertainment. Film, TV, live stage, and all like that. Where other monsterpubs get news to you months after a film's already been released, Bill Feret's TELETTYPE lives up to its name, and reveals to you info of horror flix & cetera when they're still only in production. Impress friend and fend alike with inside info on monster movies that haven't even been made yet! Goshawotic, gang!

I have never to be an influx of French thrillers as of late. Sergio Gobbi has in the offing "THE INTRUDER," in which a man quite calmly kills two men who have threatened to kidnap his son and hold him for ransom. Another will be "THE KILLER," this one has a psychopath slaying half a dozen people before the police, who have been heading on the methods of his capture, location him.

At Shepperton Studios, in London, they've begun shooting on the psycho-thriller, "THE ASPHYX."

Incongruous title change—BARRETT has become NIGHT OF THE LEPUF? Lepus? (Lepus Pray?)

Alfred Hitchcock's new film, "FRENZY," is set for release.

William L. Rose is reaching an America-Italian-French film titled "TERROR IN 24."

Peter Katz has been set to produce Daphne du Maurier's "DON'T LOOK NOW." It's shoot on location in London and Venice.



If the Count finds his cape growing a bit threadbare, he can now peruse Radu Florescu's fine and reasonably

priced line of Transylvanian finery. We always wondered who his tailor might be.

DRACULA LIVED! I mean as an actual person, in the form of a 15th Century Rumanian prince named Vlad Jerns. He was nicknamed "Dracula," which in Rumanian means "Son of the Devil," for his gruesome and sadistic tactics of impaling those who displeased him on wooden stakes, sometimes thousands at a time. So says Radu Florescu, a Boston College professor who professes to be under the Dracula curse. The curse was placed upon his family when Jerns' sister married into the Florescu family.

Upon a recent European expedition, Florescu, his wife and a small party of fellow explorers set out to ascertain the exact location of the Dracula Castle, but

fell prey to many mysterious circumstances and mishaps.

But Florescu goes on, under the auspices of the Rumanian Government, plans to import a line of TRANSYLVANIAN fashions. (Don't shrug!) The collection will feature dresses, embroidered vests and... an authentic reproduction of the Dracula cape selling for somewhere between \$50 and \$200.

It's about time Florescu cashed in on the curse that has plagued his family for centuries. If the curse prevails though, buttons might fall off, zippers snag and stitching may unravel, but Dracula wouldn't do that, would he? The old saw-and-sew?

Doing absolutely no business, whatsoever, somewhere in Detroit is the intriguingly titled double-bill—"Paranoia" and "Teenage PSYCHO MEETS BLOODY MARY." (To sure the viewing audience were the ones who wished they had had a few bloody Mary's to drink.)

"ROSEMARY'S BABY" star, Ruth Gordon will have the title role in "THE WITCH OF WALL STREET," which concerns the life of lady miser Hetty Green.

ABC's TV movie "PROBE," which starred Hugh O'Brian and Elia Sommar is definitely set to become a teleseries. I only hope Angel Topping, featured in a recent issue of PLAYBOY and a stunningly beautiful blonde, is sold with the series in the role she essayed in the pilot.

The National Geographic specials for next season have some very interesting titles. Those announced were "THE HAUNTED WEST," "THE VANISHING TRIBES OF THE MATTO GROSSO" (that's the unexplored region of the Amazon jungle), "THE UNEXPLAINED MYSTERIES OF THE EARTH," and "STRANGE CREATURES OF THE NIGHT." Sounds more like the "Supernatural Geographic."

Charles Nelson Reilly, host of "THE GHOST & MRS. MUIR" TV series is set for a new one, series and ghost that is. This time the ghost will be a little more benevolent.

A new Michael Carrara production will essay forth from Hammer studios called CECENDO. The mallechisme stars Stephanie Powers, heroine to many, and James Olson, late of THE ANOROMEDA STRAIN.

Fantasia Corp's previously announced "TOWER OF EVIL," has become "HORROR ON SNAPE ISLAND," with just a "hapse" of the finger.

And the inevitable genius of George Pal will be re-ignited in transmuting from novel to the screen the incredible DOC SAVAGE series. First on Pal's docket will

CON-CALENDAR

DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
JUNE 11	THE SECOND SUNDAY PHIL SEULING 2063 W. 12 B'KLYN, N.Y. 11224	STATLER-HILTON 33rd St & 7th Ave. NEW YORK CITY	\$1.50 (10 A.M. to 4 P.M.)	COMIC BOOK DEALERS & COLLECTORS No Special Guests
JUNE 9-11 FRI., SAT., SUN.	PULP-CON ED. REESSE BOX 1550, OVERLAND BRANCH ST. LOUIS, MO. 63114	COLONY HOTEL 7730 BON HOMME Clydes, Mo.	\$2-Sat. \$4-Sun. \$6-At Door	PULPS & AUTHORS Philip Jose Farmer Edmond Hamilton & others.
JULY 15 SAT. THRU WED.	NEW YORK COMICON PHIL SEULING 2063 W. 12 B'KLYN, N.Y. 11224	STATLER-HILTON 33rd St & 7th Ave. NEW YORK CITY	Info. Not Available Write Con.	New Comic Book and Comic Strip Artists, and THOUSANDS of Free Like Yoursell for 3 DAYS!
Feb 16-18 1973	INTERNATIONAL STAR TREK CONVENTION	HOTEL COMMODORE 42nd St. & Lexington Ave. New York City	Info Not Available	STAR TREK What else could you want?

The CON-CALENDAR is a special exclusive feature of the MONSTER TIMES. Across this great land of cars we spend and various gatherings of quickly cartoon models. The gatherings called "conventions," and the initials, called "cons," denote the attendance of fans and non-fans alike, hence the real-life monster-antics.

To those readers who've never been to one of these hair-brained affairs, we recommend it.

Detractors of such events just throw down by saying that they're just a bunch of cartoons and science fiction writers and comic book publishers talking, and signing autographs for fans who, like museum, spend some on auto-date comics, science fiction pulp, and monster movie sets. But that's just the reason for going. If you want a couple of glossy pictures of Dracula or King Kong, or a 1943 copy of Aubrey Costello (I'd also know why)

or if you wish to see classic horror and science fiction films, or meet the stars of old time movie serials, or today's top comic book artist and writer—or if you just want to meet other readers or comic science fiction fans, like yourself, and learn you're not alone in the world, OR if you want to meet the affable detestable lunatics who bring out THE MONSTER TIMES, go ahead and visit one of these conventions. We dare ya!



be a compendium of several of the Kenneth Robinson novels released under the title, DOC SAVAGE, ARCHENEMY OF EVIL. The film will be complete acquirist fans also James Bondian tongue-in-cheek adventures.

Set for a TV premiere is a new film starring the super star of the 60's, Rita Hayworth, titled SONS OF SATAN. Co-starred is the equally lovely Claudine Auger.



Attention, all movie fans! Did you know that for the past 4 years there has been a Comic Art Convention? This year marks the 4th anniversary of the event, and it's going to be no Super, Ultra Con. The first 5 day convention is Saturday July 3 thru 5 at New York's Statler Hilton Hotel. Over 3,000 fans are expected to attend and have a great time seeing their favorite artists, writers and original artwork.

Like previous cons, there will be dealers' tables, slide shows, panel discussions, special guest speakers, art displays, auctions, merchandise, parties. Only now, there will be more of everything, and some art-surprise, too.

The program-booklet, like the Con will also be big... 96 pages worth of Golden Age and ultra-rare art, ads from the leading comic dealers across the country, and features about your favorite comic people.

The Statler Hilton Hotel is located across from Pennsylvania Station, just one stop from the Port Authority Bus Terminal.

Additional information on the 1972 Comic Art Convention can be obtained from the Convention Chairman, Mr. Phil Saling. Write to him at 621 Avenue 2, Brooklyn, New York 11223.

We'll be looking forward to meeting a lot of our favorite fans there!



The producer-director of SILENT RUNNING, Douglas Trumbull, will next be filming for Warner Bros. another futuristic film entitled THE RIDE. Leon O'Brien will write the screenplay and co-produce.

Russ Meyer, king of the exploitation, will produce the juicy machine CHOICE CUTS for Warner. Film based on the novel by French authors Pierre Boulle and Thomas Narcejac, who also gave us the classic, DIABOLIQUE and VERTIGO. They claim it's a true story dealing with the strange occurrences that the various patients undergo when the transplanted parts of a murderer's body start reacting. Every part, repeat EVERY part is utilized. Perish the thought anything should go to waste, or waste.

COMIC BOOKS ATTACK

THE MONSTER MARKET

Comic book publishers have finally caught on to what we, here at The Monster Times, have been saying all along - there's a market for monsters these days. National Comics has started a brand new rag entitled Weird Mystery Tales, turned a garden variety western rag into Weird Western Tales, turned two gaudies, Dark Mutation and Sinister House, into horror titles, and has raised the frequencies on all their established horror/sci-fi titles. Marvel Comics has the covers on pure monster stuff. They have spent the last four years reprinting their more monstrous stories from the fifties. They're finally starting new mystery books this summer, too - Journey Into Mystery and The Chamber of Chills. (They also captured Count Dracula a while back for "Tomb Of Dracula" issues.) To top off this monster revival, the Archie Comics Group, which has spent the past twenty years of re-entrance perfecting the teen-ager rag and ignoring the rest of the comic field, is going to be starting a horror title in the very near future. For them to break their tradition, the revenues must really be colossal! But don't we say so?

THE COMIC READER

Comic Art's monthly newsmagazine!

The story of what's going to happen to your favorite comic characters. With features by Monster Timmes! Brancatelli, Isabelle & Levitz. 3 for \$1 from Paul Levitz, 293 East 68 Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11203.

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WANTED! WANTED! WANTED!

WANTED—Old radio and comic premiums, to expand our museum of relics, trivia and the lore of 20th Century pop-art. Things like the BUCK ROGERS PISTOL, or a CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT DECODER RING... and all the rest of the stuff. These things have a place

in our history, and we have a place for them on our shelves. Please send description and condition of items, plus the price you're asking, to TMTM, (THE MONSTER TIMES MUSEUM), P.O. Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y., 10011.

HE MOVES EASILY AND THE MIDDLE STREAKS BY HIS HEAD... BUT THE FORCE OF THE THROW PULLS HIM FORWARD AND THE HEAVY CHAIN ENCIRCLES HIS THROAT... I CATCH THE PROJECTILE WITH THE SAME HAND THAT LOOSED IT AND HOLD IT IN A GRIP THAT ONLY DEATH WILL BREAK.



THE OGRE GASPS AND STRUGGLES BUT I CLING TO HIM LIKE THE WOLF TO THE BEAR. THE SWEAT BEADS AND ENCIRCLES MY BROW AND THE OGRE SCREAMS HIS MOVEMENTS SLOW AND FINALLY CEASE TILL HE DROWNS IN HIS OWN BLOOD...



Two panels from BADTIME STORIES, by Boris Wrightson.

Badtime Stories

Beneful Berni Wrightson's brought out a bashing brilliant book: BADTIME STORIES. Regular readers of THE MONSTER TIMES know wrenching Wrightson from his inhumanal color poster of Boris Karloff's FRANKENSTEIN in the centerfold of MT No. 1, and your bottom dollar can be bet that you'll be seeing more of his morbid phantasmagorically creepish, circusful of ghosts and goblins, freaks and fiends, and doomish demous in future issues of this wonderful monster newspaper.

But in the meanest of whiles, though, you can have a 48 page, permanently-bound slick-paper softcover creepish classic of six soul-annihilating solo stories of mystery and macabre, Berni's weirdly-wrought, wright-on BADTIME STORIES. We reviewed them in MONSTER TIMES NO. 6, received so much mail, that we bought a stock of them for you to order from us.

BADTIME STORIES is all

Wright, son! Monster-sized (8 1/2" x 11"), and monster-oriented, with color paintings on the front and back covers, and spine-chilling black and white artwork inside, it's a steal at the measly \$5.00 per copy we're asking. (Though we won't tell you who's stealing from whom!)

So fill out the coupon below, and send it into THE MONSTER TIMES folk. Would we ever steer you wrong?

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ARTHUR C. CLARKE DOLPHIN ISLAND

BY THE AUTHOR OF 2001



Robert Redlitz has acquired Arthur C. Clarke's "DOLPHIN ISLAND," for possible filming under his Raditz-Mattel Production banner. I hope they don't "Toy" with the project too long.



"Give me a Monsterburger, fries and blood shake. And nesh it - I may not have much time."

AN INTERVIEW WITH Dracula

Continued from page 14

THE UNDEAD LIFE!

TMT: How did you first become one of the "undead"?

D: That goes back a long time to the days when I was known as Vornode the Impaler. I made a covenant with Satan when I was battling Turkish soldiers. After I died I became one of the undead. Rather a strange twist on the resurrection theme you might say.

TMT: How old are you now?

D: Let me see, I can not say off hand. I was born in the 14th century, about 1350 or thereabouts. How old does that make me?

TMT: Over 600 years old? Amazing, you hardly look 40. Is it true that your diet of human blood makes you grow younger looking?

D: Yes, my diet maintains me. As long as I continued to savor myself I will remain youthful.

ALL POWER TO THE UNDEAD

TMT: Is it true that you possess certain super human powers?

D: To a degree, yes, I have the strength of a dozen men and powers of hypnotic suggestion. However, let me say once for all I cannot turn into a bat or a wolf. Lycanthropy is absurd, don't you think? I do have some power over certain members of the animal kingdom which I imagine observers have interpreted as lycanthropy. I can not dissolve into a trail of mist or other such nonsense, but I am able to command the elements up to a point. It is possible for me to camouflage myself in fog, for instance.

The hours between sunset and dawn is the period when I am at the height of my powers. During the day I rest in a box of my native earth. I can walk abroad in the daylight hours, although I cannot exercise those exceptional talents I mentioned.

TMT: Then daylight will see both you?

D: No, that is just wishful thinking on the part of those who have sought to persecute me.

TMT: Who would want to persecute you?

D: The late Prof. Abraham Van Helsing and his like. There have been a few others but Van Helsing and his friends caused me the most trouble.

You don't seem to understand that I am the victim of a disease whose effects I have no control over.

TMT: A disease which has addicted you to human blood.

D: Well, nobody's perfect. I must say though, my condition is not without it's rewards. I meet a lot of attractive girls.

TMT: I imagine so. But, tell me Count, what are your limitations?

D: Generally speaking, I shun the rock of garlic, cannot stand religious objects—crucifixes, etc., I can not cross running water under my own power, and



Although determined to keep his identity and whereabouts a carefully guarded secret, neighbors at the Count's Upper East Side residence have, from time to time, caught glimpses of the undying demon. He has, according to his butler, been known to hang bat-ryts in the hall closet, causing occasional consternation in the hearts of his fellow apartment dwellers. "I enjoy the free flow of blood to my head," the Count remarked, "and the rush is nothing short of fantastic!"

those who have sought to destroy me and say work.

TMT: Like Van Helsing, for instance?

D: Yes.

TMT: But Prof. Van Helsing claimed to have destroyed you over 80 years ago.

D: Lies! That lying old Dutchman! The fox eluded the hounds. They continued to search for me but I outlasted them. No one has ever defeated me.

TMT: How long have you been in the U.S.? What are your plans?

D: I have lived here for the past four years. During that time I have been setting up my operations here which I am happy to say will be in full swing very soon.

TMT: What operations have you planned?

D: Spreading my cult from coast to coast.

TMT: You sound like a prophet for some exotic religion rather than...

NO RED TAPE

D: Not necessarily. It did in my case but that was centuries ago. Today I can offer

"What other institution could possibly offer the benefits that I do!
Guaranteed eternal life!"

you the same benefits I received without the red tape.

TMT: Are you trying to sell me a bit of goods?

D: If I decided that you were to join my organization, I would make you an offer you could not refuse. But, let me remind you, I promised you that I have nothing to fear from me. Forgive me if my enthusiasm slipped you.

TMT: Of course. But let me, judging from your plans to spread your cult, you must need considerable financial backing. Do you have such means at your disposal?

D: That and much more. A man who has lived centuries and had my advantages has had the time to amass a fortune you could not begin to imagine. Let me lay modestly aside to assure you I am fabulously rich.

TMT: Earlier you said that you found your public image unflattering. Is this due in part to Boris Stoker's novel?

D: Stoker's novel! The very idea of calling that sewage a novel! A scores and parts job from old diaries and newspaper clippings does not a novel make. Besides he misinterpreted the facts on too many occasions to enumerate. Believe me that book has been a hard thing to live with.

TMT: Have you seen any of the motion pictures based on your exploits?

D: Unfortunately, I have had occasion to see several of these pieces of popular mythology. Needless to say, I consider them beneath contempt.

TMT: What do you think of the actors you have seen impersonating you? Bela Lugosi, and Christopher Lee for instance.

D: Lugosi had a certain old world charm, but he was certainly a far cry from the way I see myself. Our physical appearances and our manners have little in common.

Lee is a bit too self-consciously virile for my taste. The productions he has appeared in are a little loud, but I must admit he is more into the spirit of things.

DRACULA ON TOUR?

TMT: It's easy to see why you aren't pleased with your image. Have you considered making an appearance publicly?

D: My lawyer told me that David Frost wanted to do 90 minutes with me, and there was some talk of a television special. Of course, this poses technical problems—age and film you know. Anyway, I am not quite ready for a public appearance. It would mean dropping the cover which I have established.

TMT: Then you do not function socially under your true name?

D: Correct, that is not yet possible. When I am more certain of my rights as a U.S. resident, and potential citizen, I may reveal my true identity.

In the mean time, I employ aliases.

TMT: Would it be possible to locate you again at this address?

D: No, I am quite inaccessible. Besides, being a permanent resident affords me a great deal of privacy. No one can reach me unless I permit it.

Now I must end our interview, my friends. I still have things to attend to this evening.

TMT: But I have so much more to say to you. One more question, please! I thought the vampire's strength lay in the fact that no

one believes in them. Why have you come out in the open like this?

D: Oh that word—vampire. Times change. In this permissive society, anything goes. Besides I doubt if many of your readers will take your article seriously.

TMT: Have you considered writing your memoirs?

D: You said just one more question. Very well, if I decide to write an autobiography I'll need a collaborator.

If I like your article I'll be in touch with you.

Good night.

The room was gradually enveloped in a swirling fog and he disappeared from sight. I left unharmed, but I doubt if I will ever be the same again. I have the persistent feeling that someone is watching me.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This concludes Roger Slaughter's interview. There was to be more but this is all completed before he suffered a nervous breakdown. He is now confined in the violent ward of a private mental hospital, where it is believed he has little chance of recovery. Incidentally, he has developed a strange fixation for flies—he eats them!

"I must say though, my condition is not without its rewards.
I meet a lot of attractive girls..."

I can not enter a home unless I have been invited first. After that I come and go as I please.

TMT: Concerning your "bit." Count, have you ever considered a blood bank? That would not be very nutritious. I must be sure my sources are fresh and alive you understand.

BLOOD ON THE ROCKS

TMT: Fresh blood has kept you alive for 600 years?

D: Not only blood, but carving, eluding

D: Rather than what! What other institution could possibly offer the benefits that I do! Guaranteed eternal life!

TMT: Or eternal death, depending on how you look at it.

D: Don't be irrelevant, my friend.

TMT: But you sound like some kind of macabre life insurance salesman!

D: Is a manor of speaking I am. But don't argue with me, it is so unpleasant. Can you not imagine—eternal life!

TMT: Doesn't that require a covenant with Satan?

PLANET OF THE APES

Continued from page 5

understand him completely. The thought made him try to speak again, but he only succeeded in gurgling. Then the Chimps turned and Cornelius looked into Taylor's eyes. They were arguing about HIM... Zira was staring to her husband that she saw vast intelligence in his angry eyes, while her husband tried to convince her that it was all her imagination. With a sigh of relief, Taylor heard Cornelius give in to his wife. He ordered Taylor and Nova released and taken back to their cells. Just before he was led from the scene, George Taylor nodded a quick thanks to Zira. Dr. Cornelius, watching from the corner of the room, couldn't believe what he saw. For a full hour they asked Taylor questions, and he either gestured or

Nova? No doubt about it... he would have to escape.

Zira came up with the idea of escape soon after Taylor did. There was nothing more they could do with Dr. Zalus. But Taylor would have to wait until a successful escape could be arranged.

Taylor did not wait and, bursting free of a Gorilla-guard, bolted into the lower square. Apes everywhere panicked, and mothers gathered up their children to protect them from the mad "beast" running amok in their midst. Taylor ran to and fro, dodging his pursuers, climbing over statues and angular ornaments, knocking Gorillas and Chimps off their feet, until he dashed into a museum. He didn't know WHAT the building was. All he knew was that it was big and dark and he was alone in it. He ran through rooms and exhibits. He saw human beings stuffed, frozen into positions of family life and healing and laughing and resting. Then he saw one statue in particular. It was a black man, unique on this planet, stuffed and mounted for curious eyes. It was his friend Dodge. Dead. Unknewly



Dr. Zalus (Maurice Evans), powerful patronate of Planet of Apes, confers with a council of elders to decide on fitting punishment for Taylor's crime—the crime of intelligence. The judgment is swift and savage—the captive's mind must be destroyed!

nodded. He WAS an intelligent being, and he would sure let them know it! At last Dr. Cornelius agreed with his wife, and promised her that nothing would happen to the human who his wife was now calling "highly-ape."

They went to their superior, the stately Orangutan Dr. Zalus. Zalus, who looked almost exactly like the statue of the Ape God that was seen throughout this strange world, was the leader of all the Apes. An awe-inspiring Ape, with the responsibility of guarding ancient secrets and shaping the affairs of his fellow Apes.

Zalus, for some reason, reacted strongly to the fact that an intelligent human had been discovered by his scientists. Immediately threatening Zira and Cornelius with charges of insubordination and heresy if they did not comply with his wishes, he ordered a frontal lobotomy performed on Taylor. This operation would leave him a mindless, living vegetable unable to think or reason or remember or do anything worth doing. A useless waste, and one that both Cornelius and his wife argued powerfully against. But Zalus remained firm in his opinion and the orders went out... DESTROY HIS MIND!!!

For Taylor, alone with the beautiful but primitive Nova, the situation was a nightmare. He knew what was happening. For Zira, still not fully sure that Taylor understood anything she told him, had developed the habit of talking to him through the bars of his cage for an hour each evening. She told him everything of current news, and the more he heard the less he liked it. Up to now, Zira and Cornelius were able to stall Dr. Zalus. But when they ran out of tricks... what would happen to him? And to beautiful



From retirement to animal to vegetable... Taylor senses an illustration of the thought of this rapid and fatal descent.



Stone image of Dr. Zalus strikes a pose of total satisfaction as the terrified human is made to grovel at the end of Anthony's leash.



prisoners, he saw another familiar face. London! He ran forward. Then stopped as he saw the huge seat on his friend's forehead. London stared glassy-eyed, mindlessly. He had no mind... no memories. That would happen to HIM if he were caught. But, as he stopped to look at London, he was again surrounded with nets and stiles. Paving hands picked away at him, and hoisted him in the air over a stone bridge. He screamed. He screamed words at them, and they heard and stared openmouthed at him... A HUMAN SPOKE! It had screamed "GIVE YOUR FILTHY PAWS OFF ME!!!"

He awoke back in his cell, feeling more secure, now that he could speak and make himself understood as an intelligent being. Dr. Zalus himself came to his cell to take a look at Taylor. And, to his surprise, Taylor found himself being ushered into Zalus' office.

ODOR OF THE COURT

The aged Orangutan puffed on a cigar and spoke to the bound human. He explained about the orderly society he had built up for his people during his ruling years, and managed to keep in running order until a speaking human turned up to ruin it all. The Apes had their own problems, with Chimps fighting for equality and Gorillas acting as Secret Police and Orangutans ruling. Now, with a human question, the structured life of Zalus' Apes might be seriously threatened.

Because of Taylor's intelligence and the objections of Zira and Cornelius, who were suspected scientists, Zalus couldn't just order Taylor killed or operated upon, so there would have to be a trial. A trial to determine whether Taylor was a blasphemous thing... a mutant that violated the Ape's religion, which stated that all intelligent creatures were created in the Ape-God's image. If found guilty Taylor would be destroyed like some mad dog. If innocent, Taylor earned, Zalus would figure out some way of knocking him out of the picture, anyway. Either way Taylor would lose. He would still have to escape!



Now it's Taylor who's got the monkey by the tail as the tail of fate is turned on Dr. Zane.

The trial was a mockery of dignity and justice. Taylor was kept bound and, most of the time... gagged. Unable to say anything in his own defense, constantly assaulted by Apes trying to prove him dangerous, unintelligent or unlovely, the scientist was subjected to the full machinery of Dr. Zane's attempt at destruction.

The trial ended in the only way possible, with Taylor emerging as a dangerous blasphemy to be destroyed after a few days. It was no shock for



Now Dr. Zane feeds himself at a bon fire while his fellow elements and gets his freedom from the PLANET OF THE APES.

Taylor, but quite a jolt for Cornelius and Zira. Now the escape HAD to be quickly planned, or it would be too late.

As Cornelius asked the Gorilla guard for a match, the unsuspecting black-clad Ape momentarily buckled against Taylor's cap. Taylor's steady arms caught the guard as Cornelius got the keys and opened Taylor's cage. Nova, who was only too happy to escape from the place and follow Taylor, went excitedly along. Zira was outside with a wagon, and their nephew kept lookout on the hills.

Taylor had with Nova in the back of the covered wagon, and the party started driving down the cascatilla, keeping pace with the long, curving beach. They all knew that it was only a matter of time before Zane's secret police would be closing in on them. They needed somewhere safe to hide and, if discovered, defend themselves. For Zira and Cornelius there was no turning back... they were outlaws now, and would be killed if caught.

Suddenly Cornelius remembered the old caves, and the excavations that had been suddenly outlawed by Zane. The cave and the living quarters were still there, and it was in a defensible position. They sped toward the cave, accessible only from a narrow road by the sea.

Then came the hoofbeats, muffled by the sand. There were a lot of

them... herds of Gorilla police with guns. And, as they became visible around a bend, they saw that Dr. Zane was with them, too. So Taylor was that important to him!

They had only one chance. If they could wait until the troops came through the narrow road. They would have to ride through single-file, and could be picked off as they came. Cornelius, the Chinese scientist, and George Taylor, astronaut from Earth, took their places in the rocks. They had an unexpected and pleasant surprise as Dr. Zane led the way through the rocks. Taylor lunged and pointed his rifle at the Onagaputa. Unable to fight because of his age, Zane calmly raised his hands and surrendered.

Now they had a chance! Dr. Zane had no wish to die, and because of his rank he was considered a sort of living god by his fellow Apes! They had something to bargain with.

A strange change came over Dr. Zane, as he sat tied against a huge rock. He looked at Taylor and, for the first time, they talked as equals. He admitted Taylor's intellect had always been apparent to him, and decided that over the time had come for the truth to be known. Something in his old eyes convinced Taylor the Doctor wasn't bluffing. So Zane was untied. He led Taylor, Cornelius and Zira up the scaffolding and into the ancient caves.

Torches were lit and placed on the walls, and the dim light from the outside lit the rest of the dark, large chamber. There was clay on the walls, and the excavation had exposed the contours of what had once been... a room. This had once been a house. Not a cave dwelling, but a HOUSE fused into solid rock and buried under centuries of sediment. They were standing in the living room. The vague outlines of tables and chairs were against the walls, and some scattered pieces of furniture could still be seen. And down in the middle of the room, on the floor, was a doll... a HUMAN doll that said "Mama" when you turned it upside down. Enticed by Zane and his sons of archeologists, the doll proved that, at one time, HUMANS had been the masters. HUMANS spoke and built the houses and kept the apes in cages. Once HUMANS had ruled the planet of the Apes!

OLD APE

LEARNS NEW TRICKS

Zane explained it all to Taylor. How it was discovered that humans had hid waste

to their world with was, how the religion of the Apes had been formed to convince Apes that humans were inferior, to forever guard against the danger of the humans once again taking control of the world and bringing back the dark ages of war. This is why intelligent humans are killed, and why Zane wanted Taylor dead.

Taylor agreed to let Zane go, unharmed, if he would grant complete pardon to Zira and Cornelius. Despite everything, Zane actually LIKED Taylor, and respected what the two scientists did for him. Zane agreed to his conditions.

The time for leaving had come, and Taylor says goodbye to his Ape friends. He is convinced that, somewhere on this planet, are people... not primitives, but thinking, speaking men and women. He's

determined to find them. Before he leaves, he takes Zira in his arms and kisses her goodbye. Taylor had gone through his entire adventure believing that Zira had been him all along as a handsome human being. Now, however, he hears her say "My God, you're ugly!" It's the first laugh he's had on this strange planet. And, though he does not know it... his last laugh, too. For he will shortly learn something incredible.

As Taylor and Nova ride slowly down the beach, he wonders why Zane had admired him not to search for his fellow humans.

AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE

Cornelius and Zira watched their friend Taylor round the bend. As he disappeared from view, Zane turned to them and breathed a tired breath and softly said... "He will not like what he finds!"

They Taylor saw it. The ruins of... something. Spires protruding from a cliff-side near the sea. Spires on a head of tarnished copper. An arm with a torch broken from some huge sculpted body that had long since ceased to exist. The Statue of Liberty!

Earl! "Oh, my God," Taylor gasped... "They did it... went and killed everything... EVERYTHING!" The was, the great... and now this.

Taylor cried into the sand. He cried for his friends, for his people, for his world. And, because he had no hope of anything anymore, he cried for... himself.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Be sure to tune in next issue for further adventures on THE PLANET OF THE APES, with special behind-the-scenes info, makeup secrets, and all the pertinent facts about the intricate production of this earth-breaking flick. And remember: when you're finished with your copy of TMT, pass it along to a friend at the zoo. After all, Apes are only human, too.

Food parcels are exchanged by Zira, Nova, and Taylor before the humans begin a trek leading away from the Ape metropolis but directly into another unpleasant surprise.



SPACED OUT!!

A new feature that has added to the already cluttered pages of "MT" is the "Monster" column. This column is devoted to the review of the latest in the field of science fiction and fantasy. The reviews are written by a team of writers who are experts in their field. The reviews are written in a style that is both informative and entertaining. The reviews are written in a style that is both informative and entertaining. The reviews are written in a style that is both informative and entertaining.

POUL ANDERSON'S OPERATION CHAOS



James B. Hester

Chaos, or the formless, hideous darkness of most ancient traditions is where people would place demons and such. These creatures of darkness—witches, warlocks, werewolves and many other strange beings—make up the cast of characters of one of the most enjoyable pieces of fantasy/science-fiction in years.

OPERATION CHAOS by Poul Anderson deals with these frightening, fascinating, and disturbingly realistic individuals. The book itself is most delightful for anyone interested in reading an unusually well done tale of the supernatural made natural.

The plot revolves about Steve Matuchek, a handsome (most of the time), average guy living in a world similar to but not exactly like our Earth. The theory this is based on is a presumption that there are an infinite number of universes similar but different. The events in these universes take a divergent path, that a different universe is formed as a result of this difference.

To enjoy this book, however, you can easily survive by thinking of Matuchek's world as an Earth similar to ours but with one difference. In Steve's Earth, magic for goetics as it is described here) become identified as a science. Unlike our Earth, this strange universe's magic is just another science like physics, chemistry or electrical engineering, to be applied and used by everybody in this culture. As a result Matuchek's world is far different from ours. Many of the things we do here with natural science are done there by magic. For example they use magic-powered brooms instead of cars, crystal balls instead of T.V. sets and St. Elmo's fire instead of light bulbs. This is a fascinating world, described very entertainingly by Anderson. It is very interesting to note the clever way Poul Anderson creates a totally believable and intriguing world almost enough to ours to make common images, yet different enough to make those common images intensely pleasurable and engrossing. However, the clever gimmick of a world run by magic is far from all Anderson offers us in **OPERATION CHAOS**. This story is also an action packed series of adventures with many exciting, tension-filled plot twists.

Steve Matuchek's special talent in his unusual world is that he is a werewolf. Thanks to the development of magic, he can change skins at will by using a special lamp developed by the Polaroid Corp. of that universe rather than having to wait for the full moon. This ability makes him a fierce foe, and teamed with his wife, the witch Virginia Graylock, they become a formidable force indeed.

Their enemy a Satan. In this universe Heaven and Hell are real places where the inhabitants can communicate with and even come to different "dimensions" of Matuchek's universe, and by overcoming energy requirements through the use of magical devices one can travel between these planes. Satan is indirectly trying to take over Earth and he foresees that Steve and his wife will give him many problems.

The first thing the wolf and his mate do is to destroy an "Ahrim" or evil genius, who in this world is a real being with immense power. They literally bottle the bad guy up, see the U.S. from an Arab invasion and thus hamper the Arab Prince's plans. In another adventure a fire demon or Salamander is set loose on Earth to further Satan's designs. This flaming firebrand is stamped out by the unique duo, which also uses the help of a cat, Starwalk, who is possessed of some unusual powers. In other adventures the lycanthrope and his sorceress sweetheart deal with incubi, succubi, elementals, demons of many deceptions, strange people including Adolf Hitler (for a reasonable facsimile thereof) and a trip to hell itself.

This novel was created from a series of short stories written separately by Poul Anderson which appeared from time to time in **THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION** in the 1950's and '60's. It is proof of the author's genius that he was able to string these tales together so smoothly. You can't tell that this saga is composed of separate pieces unless you have read one of the stories before or pulled the old reviewer's trick and looked at the flip side of the title page. Anderson has truly welded individual stories of a series into a great unified work of science-fiction. I used these terms here rather than the usual "fantasy" or "science-fiction" because this novel is an expertly done blend of both types of fiction. The novel is fantasy because it involves magic which many people do not consider a natural science or in any way related to science. Fantasy is usually defined as fiction which does not depend upon cause and effect relationships, or science in creating the worlds of these books. Science Fiction on the other hand depends most strongly on science as it is sometimes defined as an extrapolation of the science of today to the world of the future.

Anderson has joined the two by creating a world that depends on magic, uses it routinely, yet this magic is a science which is based on predictable cause and effect relationships. **OPERATION CHAOS** ends the gap between fantasy and science-fiction by showing us how magic might really be a natural science not now recognized in our world and how such a development might affect a world like ours. The ability to give the reader a great adventure story, while showing us how two supposedly separate types of fiction can be combined most enjoyably, truly demonstrates the vast talent of Poul Anderson, author of a marvelous book, **OPERATION CHAOS**.

■ Joseph Thomas

the Fan Fair

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GORG0, that King-sized denouement from Great Britain way, tells it like it really is—and he's more fun than a barrel of stinkheads. You'll see him in action, tearing up whole cities and melting himself in an underground in London town that Big Ben won't even give him the time of day. You'll also hear the big guy's candid views on Godzilla, Kong, and others currently making the monster scene in our big feature article for next ish.

Did you know there was a film that was shot at the same time as KING KONG, using the same sets, cars, crew and the same fantastic Max Steiner music? Well, there was, and in the next issue you'll hear all about this forgotten masterpiece—THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME by veteran monster man Steve Vertlieb. PLUS, never-before-seen clips by the fabulous new artist, Mike Kaluta.

You read about PLANET OF THE APES in this number, friends, but next time TMT will take you behind the scenes to tell you about the fun they had making the flick. Who played apes on who for what and why, along with rare, unpublished photos of all the wild actors that went on BEHIND THE PLANET OF THE APES.

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